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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

One cannot keep pace with the records of individual courage and self-sacrifice which, week after week, this marvellous war affords. Man, who in peace and safety often sinks lower than the beasts, in battle seems constantly to reach a divine height. Take Lance-Corporal Broadhurst, of the 10th South Wales Borderers—a railway packer before the war—who was given the Albert Medal of the First Class lately. A live bomb dropped in a room where this soldier and other men were assembled. He promptly put his foot on it to minimise the effect of the inevitable explosion. Broadhurst, of course, was badly wounded, but he saved more than one comrade by this act of self-sacrifice.

And let us try to understand what the wood fighting has been in the battle of the Somme. Several German regiments have been annihilated in Delville Wood, which our men describe as the Devil's Wood, because of the awful things which they have suffered in its gradual conquest and in long contests against furious counter-attacks. Imagine acre after acre of scorched undergrowth, with shattered trees lying everywhere, and the ground a labyrinth of shell holes and craters. Into this devastation heavy German shells fall ponderously and explode; and across it German rifles and machine-guns pour their curtain fire from a zone of danger that our own shells blast into new craters. Our foremost troops have been "hard at it" for two or three days, breathing the dust and the fumes of battle, sweating always in the heat under the load of their equipment, and so tired after physical hardship that their "charge has become a slow walk or a crawl". Yet they advance into the wood bit by bit, scramble over the fallen trees, plod into and out from the craters, and the wounded know not when they will be found and rescued. Many of them, as the Special Correspondent of the "Times" relates, have lain out for four or five days, seriously wounded, and yet have been saved.

During last week-end (28-31 July) our men defeated two counter-attacks on Delville Wood, improved their position in the vicinity of High Wood and north and north-east of Pozières, and on Sunday morning, co-operating with the French on their right flank, made an advance from the east of Delville Wood to the Somme. In this movement they made progress to the east of Waterlot Farm, Trônes Wood, and Maltzorn Farm, while our Allies, whose front extended between Hill 139 and the river, captured the whole system of trenches, reaching the outskirts of Maurepas village, gaining the quarry and the wood north of Hem station, and holding against violent counter-assaults the Monacu Farm and Hem Wood, which the enemy continued to assail in vain on Monday.

The hardest fighting was in the neighbourhood of Guillemont, some of our troops advancing almost due east from before Trônes Wood, while others struck at the German trenches to the north-west of the village. Both parties hit the enemy hard, and spent Sunday night and Monday in improving the position which they had gained after a very tough encounter. It was on Monday that the Royal Flying Corps dropped seven tons of bombs on the German billets and communications, setting fire to an ammunition depôt and blowing up a train. It is impossible to overpraise our airmen. Recently one of them attacked ten foe machines and, though wounded as soon as the fight began, drove three to the ground. After the first encounter, in which he was hit, he lost control of his aeroplane, but regained it at once and held the arena of the air in a most unequal tournament.

Later news from the battle of the Somme shows that our men have got a firm grip on their gains, advancing their posts at some points on the plateau north of Bazentin-le-Petit, making progress in the enemy trenches east of Pozières, and destroying gun emplacements and ammunition "dumps" near Grandcourt, about two miles north-east of Thiepval. All counter-attacks have been routed, so the Germans,

in revenge, have made three ineffective Zeppelin raids this week on England. The French, south of the Somme, have taken a trench between Estrées and Belloy-en-Santerre, while north of the river they have carried by storm a fortified position between Hem Wood and Monacu Farm. At Verdun, too, their activity this week has rushed several trenches and strong points in the ravine to the south of Fleury, and in a wood near Vacherauville, west and south of Thiaumont work. The approaches to Fleury village were reached on Wednesday, and now the village itself is once more in French hands. Farther east, at Le Chénois, our Allies have retaken most of the ground which they lost there on Tuesday.

Events on the eastern front have progressed rapidly. In Galicia, along the valley of the rivers Boldurka and Slonuvka, General Sakharoff's army struck a tremendous blow on 27 July, and next day, at 6.30 a.m., the town of Brody was captured, bringing our Allies within 54 miles of Lemberg, and perhaps endangering the Central Austrian Army on the line of the Strypa. Since 16 July Sakharoff has won three important victories, and he continues to push on. Many enemy troops in Galicia seem to be of the weakest sort. Just north of the Dniester, for example, Russian regiments waded across the marshy Koropiec River up to their necks in water and captured more than a thousand Austro-Hungarians on the western bank. This crumbling defence is very different from the fury and tenacity shown by the Germans during Brusiloff's advance across the Stokhod towards Kovel. In this great battle, which threatens the whole German campaign, the enemy has fought like a demon, refusing to surrender. According to Mr. Stanley Washburn, "many Germans who have been surrounded have preferred the Russian bayonets to capitulation".

Though the Russians have won many big successes, the details of the general situation have still to be made clear in the official reports. Little immediate importance need be given to the thrust towards Stanislaw, because the Dniester is a most difficult river to cross, and it is strongly defended. If our Allies, after taking Brody, capture the railway junction south of Busk, Bothmer's army, which has fought with persistent steadiness, will be cut off from the north; and in the neighbourhood of Lutsk the Russians may soon reach the railway running between Kovel and Vladimir Volynski. On Thursday the official bulletin from Petrograd was reserved, while that from Vienna claimed successes both in East Galicia and also in the bend of the Stokhod, near Kazowka. Desperate fighting goes on twenty-two miles east of Kovel.

In the Caucasus there has been no change, and along the Italian front the general situation has altered little this week. Some progress has been made north of Monte Cimone, and also in the Cortina neighbourhood. As for the recent fighting near Salonika between Serbs and Bulgars, it was a minor combat, but our Allies were in good fettle after their thorough rest and re-equipment. Prince Alexander of Serbia landed at Salonika on Monday afternoon, and has taken command of the Serbian Army. "You know the eagerness of our troops", he said to Mr. G. Ward Price. "It is equalled only by the impatience with which we are awaited in Serbia by our country people, at present under the yoke of the enemy."

The murder of gallant Captain Fryatt, of the S.S. "Brussels", by Germany ranks well with that of Nurse Cavell and the torpedoing of the "Lusitania". There is no doubt that the first and second of these startling and frightful crimes were sanctioned, or virtually ordered, by the Kaiser himself, if not also the third. They are official murders, most horrible to consider, and, so far as we know, they have no parallel in modern history. But during the past week or so the Kaiser has caused to flash another facet in the

brilliant of blackguardism which Germany wears to-day: the threat that unless certain Spanish families behave themselves better in Belgium the roughest soldiers in the German Army will go in and defile the furniture has a certain comic hideousness which only the Teuton to-day seems capable of. Hébert hardly descended to such depths as these.

"O Plato, Plato, thou hast paved the way" may have occurred to some of those who heard Commander Bellairs's speech on the Mesopotamian admissions in the House on Tuesday. No man, he quoted Plato as declaring, was fit to travel after sixty; and he added no one was fit to lead after sixty. As to the first, Mr. Asquith interpolated the words, "a very foolish saying". Obviously it depends on the conditions of travel and on the physique of the traveller. It depends, for instance, on whether he travels first or third in unfavourable weather. But as to leadership after sixty, we note with sorrow the death of Lieutenant Webber, of the South Lancashires. On 12 July he wrote to a friend: "We are now having five days' rest (badly needed) and then—at them again!" Four days in the previous week Webber had been on his feet or horse's back twenty-one hours out of each twenty-four. Lieutenant Webber was sixty-eight years of age. Who would not rather be led by a glorious man like that than by a worm of half his years?

As to the short debate on registration which occurred in the House of Lords this week, this is certain: every soldier in the British armies of twenty-one years of age and over will henceforth have to be given the vote. The thing is absolutely necessary and absolutely sound.

Passing Charing Cross at midday lately, one noticed a small group of people, soldiers and civilians mingled, gathered by the station gates. Presently some Red Cross motors came out, and there were a few casual and subdued cheers, and a woman tossed a yellow rose on the top of one of the motors. Inside one private conveyance some wounded soldiers were sitting propped up, ghastly white one of them with a bloody rag round his forehead. Later on the crowd did grow thicker and showed a deep emotion. Still, one could not help comparing it with other crowds. It is a puzzling English trait, when one comes to think of it, that thousands of people, all ages and classes, and both sexes, will pack themselves into a hot hall to cheer to the echo some rolling platitudes from a Cabinet Minister, or even pay good money down to listen to war lecture stuff and cheer that, too, to the echo; whilst only a few hundred chance passers-by are deeply concerned when men come back from the front trussed and carved up in the work of saving their country and the cause of civilisation. The explanation perhaps lies in the remark we heard made by a private in the Guards the other night in the street. He and his companion, evidently home on leave, had just left a public-house. They may have been a little bit "in liquor", but one of them spoke the sober truth beyond a doubt when he exclaimed—and, not content with that, repeated it over and over again—"There's some people . . . what absolutely doesn't know . . . that there's a ——— war on".

"Stow it!" If that vulgar, useful saying had been taken to heart by certain impulsive orators and writers who lately rushed in to cement the union of hearts with soft sawder the country would have been spared the Irish unsettlement. The attempt has failed; and who can be surprised at this end to an untimely and perilous diversion at the present of all seasons? Presumably, when the project was first suggested in the Ministry, neither the Prime Minister nor Mr. Lloyd George knew that the great advance of the British and the most critical battles of the war would take place at the beginning of July. Either they did not know this when, in May, they started off in pursuit of the

Irish banshee or we must suppose they did know that the advance would take place in July but believed that before then they would have caught the banshee. They surely could not have contemplated the prospect of settling Germany and settling Ireland at the same time.

And now, with Mr. Duke, one of the most responsible men in party politics—an acknowledged *vir pietate gravis*—to succeed as Chief Secretary Mr. Birrell the irresponsible, the Government and the country hope to patch up the business and put it well away till the close of the war. We trust earnestly they will be successful in this. Mr. Duke is an excellent choice in the conditions—level headed and equable; and for the purpose in view a better man could not be named. For the rest, there are, as we noted last week, one or two encouraging symptoms about the Irish state to-day. Human relations have sprung up between the leaders of Ulster and the leaders of, at any rate, the loyal Nationalist minority led by Mr. Redmond and Mr. Devlin. This is something to set against the sudden and sinister arrival of Sinn Féin on the scene as probably the most powerful party in Ireland to-day—more Fenian than the Fenians.

As to the *dramatis personæ* of the adventure, Sir Edward Carson comes out of it with his high authority in Ulster unimpaired and with an added laurel leaf of generosity. Mr. Lloyd George has missed achieving the impossible—a disappointment which the special supporters of Mr. Asquith will probably bear philosophically. The Government as a whole has been weakened by the incident: if, months ago, it had attended to the thorough enquiries and the sagacious advice of Lord Middleton the failure would not have occurred, for the revolution in Ireland would not have broken out. Lord Middleton diagnosed the Irish disease with skill, whilst he rendered invaluable aid to the South of Ireland at, still, a terribly dangerous time.

Roger Casement was hanged in Pentonville Prison last Thursday morning. Stern justice was done after an ample and protracted trial. Treason may seem a relic of mediæval days to the unthinking, but there could be no more heinous crime in these days of desperate war. We could not share the hopes of a reprieve fostered by the sentimentalists. Now, when so many are daily laying down their lives for their country, to cry for this man: "Surely the bitterness of death is past" was a mockery. This was no occasion for softness, but rather for the stern justice of the Old Testament. On the morning after his death fresh evidence of his treachery was published. It was officially declared that he had entered into a definite agreement with Germany that the Irish brigade he sought to raise out of imprisoned soldiers might be employed in Egypt against the British Crown.

Sir John Simon, who, along with Mr. Philip Snowden, conducted with such ability the "No Conscription" campaign, is now to be taken back openly into favour. He is to conduct the inquiry into the Skeffington case. After this, who knows? we may yet live to record the triumphant return to Cabinet honours of Mr. Birrell.

"I do not know who will be responsible for the Government next session; no one knows", was the Prime Minister's oblique reply on Tuesday to a question in Parliament whether twenty days would be given to Supply next session. Out of this a crop of rumours has sprung up, and is travelling like thistle-down before the wind. All sorts of Cabinet reconstructions have been shadowed and predicted, and the Prime Minister's retirement is debated. Yet the reply, when considered, is found to be only a variant of "sufficient unto the day" or "wait and see", the most famous catch-phrase, perhaps, of modern times. After the way in which we were all caught and tripped

up by Mr. McKenna's six million a day lately, it is wiser to read nothing particular into the Prime Minister's words.

We see that Mr. Lloyd George is more or less on the stump (though perhaps unconsciously) about "Democracy" again. He has been wiring to France that "the greatest triumph" "Democracy" has ever won is now well on the way. Nothing, of course, about the not inconsiderable efforts which are being made by "Autocracy" in the form of our mighty and absolutely invaluable Ally, the Russian Empire, who has just struck such great blows for Italy! Surely it is doubtful taste, and worse discretion, to invite or make invidious comparisons of this kind at the present time! The Army and the Navy do not cultivate this habit, and the last things they go into battle and risk their lives for are "forms of Government"—for which, according to Pope, "let fools contest". The work of Russia, spiritually and materially, in this struggle is a wonderful and glorious thing, and prudence, to say nothing of gratitude, suggests that we should not in this country, either through our speakers or our printing presses, make remarks which cannot fail to be offensive to such a Power.

A very important debate on the Paris Conference has proved this week that the House of Commons, apart from Sir John Simon and a handful of prehistoric economists, is as firm as the public in its attitude towards a vigorous policy of forethought and defence in trade. The Prime Minister's declaration will be a great blow to the Central Powers, and our Allies will receive it with profound satisfaction. The economic weapon must be used with the most thorough vigilance and wisdom, so Sir Edward Carson did well to press for more definite plans. Some action to carry out the Paris recommendations has already taken place, and the Government is considering, in concert with representatives of labour, the outlines of a post-war policy, both social and industrial, intended to secure a fairer distribution among all classes of the products of our industry. After Lord Balfour's Committee has issued its report, an Imperial Conference will be held in London for the discussion of the Empire's trade policy.

We are accustomed to complain of the vagaries of the weather, but it seldom leads to real distress. Here is an extract from a letter just received from one of those fine Englishmen who rule India and follow with a keen eye the progress of the war:—

"The naval battle was hot stuff, though it was well worth it, and glorious, as we all expected. One seems to realise the loss of big ships so much more easily than in the case of land warfare. I think Asquith cum Lloyd George ought to have disarmed or conscripted Ireland after the Dublin row. We must get on with the war.

"I would give up most things myself to smash Germany and all these militarist fellows; if we don't, there'll be another show in our lifetime. Here we are waiting for rain for a month in vain, and seem to be in for another famine. Already cattle are starving for want of grass and things look extremely bad. There is a high wind blowing and everything is dried up".

Mr. Balfour finely recalled Alfred Lyttelton this week, unveiling a memorial tablet at St. Margaret's. He spoke of people who lose the charm and brilliancy of their boyhood, in a vein that may remind us of Matthew Arnold's poem on what it means to grow old. He spoke of how the high health and high spirits of brilliant youth often evaporate. Not so Alfred Lyttelton! He preserved through life the spirits that made him the "most delightful playfellow in the world". Where lay the secret of this perennial and pure spring? It lay in the spiritual interest deep down in him, which "kept fresh and green the whole surface of his life". An exquisite tribute, subtle and sure, to a fine nature.



## LEADING ARTICLES.

## THE THIRD YEAR OF WAR: OUR POSITION AND PROSPECTS.

GREAT Britain entered yesterday on the third year of war. In two years, crammed with fresh, amazing experience, men have plenty of time and chance to revise old views and prepossessions, even those of a lifetime, to repent, recant, and, finally, occupy new intellectual ground. There are few people, granted an understanding and a habit of serious thought, who are *quite* the same as they were on 4 August 1914. The wreck of political parties—for that wreck has taken place, as will be more clearly perceived presently, when there is a general move for the boats and rafts—is in itself a pretty sure sign of this, though old names and formulæ still cling on. The image of the shipwreck is a fair one in this relation, if we fashion in thought a vessel of great size and stability. Men come to regard it as unsinkable—they did of the "Titanic", a few years ago—and many prefer staying where they are, with their belongings, to adventuring on the waters in strange and risky craft. It is much the same in the great intellectual and political storms of life. A large proportion of men choose to cling to old thoughts and habits as long as they can, rather than adventure into the unfamiliar and unknown. After all, the "wait and see" attitude, in physical as well as in intellectual and political difficulties, though ridiculed and not inspiring, is instinctive. It is humbly or meanly human. Pacifism and voluntarism, for example, may be described as waiting and seeing—the first for a good many years before the war began, and the second for a year and a half after it had been raging. In the end, both had to take to the boats, and we need not here join in the dispute as to whether the "fools" took to the boats first and the "wise men" lingered on the old vessel, or vice versa.

Old views and prepossessions, then, have largely got to go, and with them worn-down stereotypes and shibboleths, and more than one party formula. Mr. Hughes and Sir George Foster have lately well reminded people of this, though we suggest there are a good many persons in the old country who are fully alive to this fact, if they have not the grit of speech which flourishes in the regions of the kangaroo and maple tree. But one view held in August 1914 has not been shaken, it has been fortified, by two years of amazing experiences that have wrecked much else. We can hold to-day firmer than ever to the faith that, in going into this war, Great Britain took the one straight, clean course open. Had she done any other thing than declare war on Germany when she did, she would have acted the part of a swindler and a skunk. There were people and papers in this country who, two years ago, urged her to stand aside, and some of them offered as a bait that thereby she would be able to save her blood and treasure, and fill her pockets at the cost of the belligerents. We have never been able to trust a word those advisers have uttered since—and, by means of hastily changing their line when they saw it was not an expedient or acceptable line, they have continued to utter many words, and have still a considerable following. That following and its mouthpieces should be watched carefully. Again and again during the war—though not very noticeably of late—it has put spokes in the nation's wheel when there has been a move to carry on the campaign more drastically by more scientific organisation and sterner

methods at home. We shall indeed find ourselves agreeably mistaken if when peace prospects begin to grow practical it does not gather its scattered sly forces and try to rush the country into some inconclusive bargain. We shall be surprised if, despite the murder of Edith Cavell and of Captain Fryatt, it does not re-discover a long lost "brother man" in the German with whom we have "got to live together in the world"; if it does not indignantly protest against any proposals to keep Germans out of the highest honours in the State in future, even those who have made princely contributions to the party coffers; and if it does not wash its hands of all proposals to bring the Empire into an organised whole, to give the Empire all round a revivifying tariff and a noble act of obligatory defensive service. It is no use pretending that in this country, lurking more or less in ambush to-day, there is not a section which has learnt nothing by the war, and repented of nothing, and recanted nothing, and is intent to rush an inconclusive peace directly the opportunity offers, and to get back again to its old bag of party tricks. There is such a section, and when it acts together it can bring a formidable leverage to bear on those in power. Therefore it ought to be watched carefully. It is not out, it never has been out, to stop the war by smashing the enemy: it is merely out to stop the war as soon as there is a chance.

Let us turn to the progress of the campaign and the prospects of the Allied cause. Here we find a great and really indisputable improvement on the state of things a year ago or eighteen months ago. It is extremely difficult, of course, to get anything like a comprehensive view of the true position to-day on the battle fronts as a whole—and to feel that we have got it really correctly. Official information, however plentiful and detailed, does not furnish us by any means with this certainty. The official information which is often showered in multifarious forms on editors, for example, in these days, is very far from furnishing us with such a sure and comprehensive view. On the whole, we should say that this information is reasonable and common-sense, and, at times, interesting; but it is an entire mistake to suppose, as so many people outside the sphere of this inspired information do, that those who have access to it have the master key to the war. Nothing of the kind. On the contrary, the more one relies on information—however inspired, authentic, secret, entertaining, it may be—the less is one qualified to reach a sound conclusion as to the prospects and the date of the end of the war. To sop up this thing "on good authority" and that thing "a dead secret", and to go on doing this for any length of time can only have one result: the person informed will become intellectually emasculated and helpless; and, if he does form any views at all as to the position and prospects, they will be the wrong ones. What we said in regard to the question of Lord Kitchener's reputation applies equally well to this question of the position and prospects of Great Britain and the Allies in the war: the inquirer should not trust to what men, even the most informed—or most official—tell him, but to what God gave him, namely, his understanding. On the whole, the Allies may, we consider, congratulate themselves to-day. They have rolled in fresh armies and—thanks chiefly to the devoted and really magnificent energy of British and of French workers, amateur and professional—a vast quantity of fresh munitions of war. And the women have striven as nobly as the men: in



fact, the women of this country are bound to come out of this war with a great record. Some have worked in the hospitals, others have worked in the factories, and others have incessantly worked in the homes and achieved scientific and painful economy—and we may take the opportunity to add that the work of these last, except in the opinion of inflated Jellybies, has been, like the work of the first and second, of inestimable value for the purposes of the war. Moreover, the campaign goes, we think, quite well for the Allies at the beginning of the third year of war, though we shall discount the absurd stories about 800,000 Austrian casualties in the Russian offensive, and we confess we are growing rather wary, as well as weary, of the stories about the absolutely last of the German Reserves being called up to be duly ethered and bayoneted. One is beginning to know that German by now, though he does not come from Sheffield.

But the most heartening feature of the war to-day remains the splendid advance of the New Armies, and the way in which the young soldiers, raw untrained civilians a very little while ago, are standing up to the highly trained enemy and his mighty machine. We have never doubted they would since we witnessed those New Armies taking primal form, but the reality is so much greater than the anticipation! Our sailors and soldiers have come up to the highest expectations, and the mass of the workers can no longer be impugned—they have now answered the call. Is it too much to hope that before the third year of the war is far advanced we shall have an Executive which, if not heroic, at least is cast somewhat on a scale to match its glorious instrument to-day in France?

#### THE JEANNE D'ARC OF WESTERN NATIONS.

**A**UGUST is Belgium's month, for every one of its days is the second anniversary of a big event in that intrepid honour which enabled her to frustrate the whole general scheme of Germany's first campaign. All later events on the western front have rested on the noble and abiding work that Belgium achieved between the end of July 1914 and the defeat of the Anglo-French armies at Charleroi and Mons. Everybody used to recognise how she saved Europe, in part by holding up the German invasion for a fortnight, and in part by drawing to the siege of Antwerp a great many troops whom the Germans needed in their advance to defeat at the Marne. Suppose Belgium had granted free passage to the German hordes, instead of inviting massacre. What on earth could have saved Paris? But the recognition of fundamental facts has the same history in war and in peace: later happenings displace it from most memories. In two years the heroic deeds of Belgium have been so obscured by their lineage of great events that it is difficult to think of them with the gratitude which they at first inspired, because the emotions of war make the past recede very swiftly from the drama of every day's important news. The past is the cemetery of a war, the present its battlefield, and the future its mystery.

We know that many mistakes, heard not seldom in careless talk, show that the first month of war is no longer understood as it ought to be. An inevitable gap—a gap that widens in the memory—grows between it and current elations and sorrows. Let us, then, try to bridge this gap by reviewing the main facts in the efforts made by Belgium to resist aggression.

The first thing to be remembered is the pre-war attitude of her politicians towards national defence. For about thirty years one of her parties included short-sighted pacifists, while another wanted to

introduce a thorough system of compulsory service, and these rival policies were embittered by the fact that the Belgian Army for a long time offended by anti-Clericalism. In Antwerp, where the power of German trade and finance grew stronger and stronger, the outcry against "militarism" was prophetic; but at last, in 1913, national military service was adopted. It was not a complete measure; but it marked a great improvement. If it had been passed into law in 1906, instead of 1913, the massacre of Belgium would have been much more difficult. It came too late to be immediately useful, like other good sense imposed upon Europe by the German menace.

One day in January 1906 the military attaché to the British Legation in Brussels asked General Ducarne, of the Belgian War Office, whether Belgium was fit to defend her neutrality. General Ducarne answered: "We are prepared to defend ourselves at Liège against Germany, at Namur against France, and at Antwerp against Great Britain". Afterwards several conversations had for their subject the measures which Great Britain should take for the fulfilment of her duties in a time of need as a trustee of Belgium's neutrality. British assistance to Belgium would be contingent upon the violation of her territories. On 10 May 1906 a report of these conversations was submitted to the Belgian War Office by General Ducarne, and we note also that in 1913 Belgian statesmen were put on their guard against the aims of Germany. The new National Service Act was being considered at a secret session of the Belgian Parliament when M. de Broqueville, Premier and War Minister, said: "Last summer we learnt that it is intended to let the German Army advance through Belgium. We owe this information to several foreign Powers. Therefore it is incumbent on us to go to the root of the matter. I fear no violation of our neutrality on the part of France, but I am informed that the French Government has been compelled to study the question of a French advance through Belgium in the event of Germany's failure to respect our territory. In order to prevent a breach of our neutrality we must speedily prepare in both directions. The greatest danger is that foreign Powers may take possession of our territory for the purpose of protecting us. This warning has been given to us by several heads of States, and as late as July of the present year [1913] a friend of the King of the Belgians, the ruler of a State, remarked with emphasis to our King: 'I give Belgium the friendly advice to proceed with vigour to prepare for self-defence, because the miracle of 1870, when Belgian territory remained inviolate between two hostile armies, will not be repeated'."\*

A year after this advice was given Belgium had suddenly to choose between safety won by dishonour and a cruel downfall through loyalty to a moral obligation. On 3 August the French Government offered, through their military attaché, the support of five French army corps to the Belgian Government, who replied at once: "We are sincerely grateful to the French Government for offering eventual support. In the actual circumstances, however, we do not propose to appeal to the guarantee of the Powers. The Belgian Government will decide later on the action which they may think it necessary to take." A week earlier, 25 July, the Belgian Foreign Minister advised the guarantors of her neutrality that, in the event of a Franco-German war, it was the Belgian Government's "firm resolve to fulfil the international obligations imposed upon us by the treaty of 1839". On 3 August the German Chancellor proposed to Belgium that she should permit German troops to pass freely through her territory, threatening, in case of refusal, to treat her as an enemy, and pretending that French forces intended to advance along the Meuse over the sector from Givet to Namur. It was as if a giant from Brobdingnag sought a favour, accompanied by threats, from a Lilliputian. Suppose the Belgian Government

\* See Anton Nyström's "Before, During, and After 1914," pp. 223-24.

had said to Great Britain and France and Russia: "Your troops will not arrive in time or in sufficient numbers to rescue our country from an overwhelming defeat; and hence we pray you to let us save the lives of our citizens by permitting us to yield, without disgrace, to the German power, which exceeds our own a thousandfold". What refuting answer could have been given to this appeal? But the Belgian Government took their stand on their country's honour and declined to fail in their duties towards Europe. Lilliput defied Brobdingnag and asked, with great dignity, for help from the unreadiness of her friendly trustees. On 4 August Sir Edward Grey telegraphed as follows to Sir F. Villiers, British Minister at Brussels:

"You should inform Belgian Government that if pressure is applied to them by Germany to induce them to depart from neutrality His Majesty's Government expect that they will resist by any means in their power. . . . His Majesty's Government will support them in offering such resistance, and . . . His Majesty's Government, in this event, are prepared to join Russia and France, if desired, in offering to the Belgian Government at once common action for the purpose of resisting use of force by Germany against them, and a guarantee to maintain their independence and integrity in future years."

On the same day Germany forced the speed of aggressive events. Her troops entered Belgium, and Liège was summoned to surrender by a small force. The nearest French army corps was about eight kilometres from the Belgian frontier, and during the next fortnight or so the civilisation of Europe was certainly upheld by Belgian heroism and self-sacrifice, every hour's check in the German advance being invaluable both to General Joffre and to our Expeditionary Force. Belgium's defence came as a startling humiliation to the Germans, disorganising their plans, inflaming their vengeance, and causing them to let loose all their barbarian cruelties.

It is true that a tiny percentage of her population resented the indomitable courage shown by the nation; it had lived for years under the insidious protection of German gold and of German trade, and had become base and detestable. The pro-German Belgian is met with sometimes at the front, sometimes also among the refugees. But no sensible person mistakes him for a true Belgian. The useful and necessary thing is never to forget that two of the belligerents entered the war with a glorious dignity: both were little nations—Belgium and Serbia, and both suffered martyrdom in the cause of imperative honour and self-respect. Great Britain will right them.

#### THE GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND.

THE appointment of Mr. Duke as Chief Secretary, a Chief Secretary prospectively domiciled in Dublin, has at any rate one advantage: it provides for the Civil Government of Ireland. The effect can hardly be bad—it may even prove to be quite surprisingly beneficial—of having constantly in Dublin a really effective head of the Civil Executive: a man who is ready to devote himself seriously and vigilantly to Irish affairs and to make himself responsible for a firm and fair administration of the law. Irish affairs will not, at any rate, be "birrelled" by Mr. Duke. They will be taken in hand as an arduous and responsible trust. How Mr. Duke will personally fare in his undertaking is difficult to say. He has accepted at a most critical time a political office which, immemorably, has broken more reputations than it has made. No one to-day whose chief anxiety was to nurse a political career would mark down the Irish Secretaryship for a stepping-stone. Perhaps the best guarantee for Mr. Duke's success is his readiness to accept an office where "service sweats for duty, not for meed". Nor is this the only guarantee which Mr. Duke brings with him to his post. He brings with him a special interest in Irish affairs—an interest which sufficiently safeguards Ireland from the

lax and indifferent attitude of the late administration. He was the leading spirit in the Unionist group of moderators whose line upon the Home Rule question was, quite admittedly, broad and tolerant. Mr. Redmond handsomely acknowledged to the House on Tuesday that Mr. Duke was a less deplorable Irish Secretary than any Unionist he could name. He starts with an actual reputation for being able to understand Ireland; and it is even more satisfactory that he has also a potential reputation for being able to administer and to govern Ireland. He has already given proofs in his work on the Commission which bears his name of a firm hand, a judicial temper, and administrative capacity.

This, then, is the first point in favour of Mr. Asquith's announcement on Tuesday: namely, that the Irish question has now definitely become once again a question of administration. Mr. Duke's task will be primarily administrative. He has somehow to get Ireland quietly through the provisional period. But this is one side only of the matter. The two main political facts which appeared out of the late negotiations for a settlement were (1) the difficulty of Mr. Redmond's position as a Nationalist leader confronted with extremists whom he could not count upon reducing to any sort of constitutional discipline, and (2) Sir E. Carson's invitation to the Irish Nationalists to win Ulster by good conduct and good faith. Mr. Duke's administration, it is to be hoped, will relieve Mr. Redmond of his anxieties upon the first head; and, upon the second head, the appointment of Mr. Duke makes it possible to keep in view the policy of settlement and reconciliation. The provisional period—a period in which the first anxiety of the Government as to Ireland will be to secure the observance of law and order—will be also a period during which the atmosphere created by Sir E. Carson in the House last week should have every opportunity of taking effect. Briefly, it should be a period of firm administration and the offered hand. The new Chief Secretary will neglect no opportunity of furthering the moderating policy with which he is already conspicuously identified. He has accepted a twofold task, which Mr. Asquith described to the House on Tuesday in the following terms: "His first business will be to take a careful survey of the whole administrative situation, with all its possibilities, both for evil and for good, and he will, I hope and believe, keep well in hand the forces which make for disorder. He will also, I know, always have in view the supreme importance—for supreme it is at this critical moment—of opening or keeping open the road to a settlement on which perhaps men of all parties and sections in Ireland may find themselves to be at one."

The ultimate fate of the offered hand will, of course, depend almost wholly upon the success or failure of Mr. Duke's administration. Mr. Redmond, as he is well aware, cannot come to terms with Sir Edward Carson until the extremists in his own party have been brought to acknowledge his authority. Mr. Redmond is as much interested in the restoration to Ireland of loyalty and law as Mr. Duke. Will Mr. Redmond, in recognition of this fact, use his influence to help, or at least not to hinder, the new administration? We presume that his protest in the House against the setting up of a "Unionist" and a "Castle" Government in Ireland had, in any case, to be made. He did not end upon that note of protest. He ended upon Sir Edward Carson's note of the previous debate, speaking of an Ireland whose old feuds are being obliterated in France and Flanders. This, it is to be hoped, is to be the keynote of his policy in the next few months. His anxiety to be quit of all responsibility—a responsibility which the late negotiations for a settlement were bringing unpleasantly near to his door—is comprehensible enough; but one cannot refrain from hoping that he will not carry this strategical aloofness to the point of opposing the work of Mr. Duke's administration with continual complaints and grievances. It would be a lamentable mistake for Mr. Redmond to take this line in the hope of recovering his popularity with the extremists of his



own party. The political prosperity of Mr. Redmond, and of Ireland, is bound up with the formation, around a firm and impartial executive which stands for law and loyalty, of a moderate party of Irishmen recruited from all parties. If Mr. Redmond will agree to cut his Sinn Féin losses and cordially work for the "peace and amity" of which he so eloquently spoke on Tuesday, the administration of Mr. Duke may prove to contain a better future for Ireland than anyone now dares to look upon. Lawless Ireland will be brought face to face with the law, and loyal Ireland will have time to come together and prepare itself against the day of settlement. Given a reasonable amount of good sense and good faith, there should be no reason why the interim solution offered by Mr. Asquith on Tuesday should not prove to be the best possible in the circumstances. At its worst, it has less apparent elements of hazard than any of the proposals advocated since the rebellion. It relieves Mr. Redmond of a responsibility he was unwilling and unable to assume. It provides for the administration of Ireland. It leaves open the way to a settlement.

But the proof of the Irish pudding is never until the eating. There is no one to be found at Westminster bold enough to prophesy as to the fate of this new experiment. Mr. Asquith "trusts and believes" that Mr. Duke may succeed. His appointment of Mr. Duke is an act of political courage, and it is an act, judging from Mr. Asquith's speech, which follows some close thinking as to the present and recent past of Ireland. The years 1906-1916 have been brought to judgment and found wanting. No one desires to dwell on the fact that Mr. Duke is a Unionist (it would be better if Mr. Asquith could have found someone in his own party to assume the responsibility). But Mr. Duke's appointment is clearly a confession of discontent with the political past. Of the men who once professed to understand Ireland, and were to provide so happily for her future, not one can be found to take up her burdens in Ireland's hour of need. Generous men of all parties and persuasions can hardly fail to wish God-speed and good fortune to the man who at least is ready to do the urgent work which lies to his hand.

## THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 105) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

TWO YEARS IN THE WESTERN THEATRE.

### I.

THE story of a war while it is in the waging can never be quite a pattern of veracity. It is only in after years, when the reports of subordinate commanders of fleets and squadrons, and of armies, army corps, and divisions, are tabulated, and relate the part that their commands have played in operations, with all the orders and counter-orders given and received, with the true tales of success or failure, and the reasons given for such, that the student can really profit by what he reads. Later, in after years, regimental histories appear. They tell the tale of the part that units have taken in the struggle and do not hesitate to introduce matter which often places an entirely different complexion on the narrative disclosed in a despatch. Official history is written in a tone to suit the palate of a party and a people. It is not designed as a prescription that is to leave a disagreeable taste. A great Pro-Consul of the Empire once, in his wisdom, forbade the disclosure of the record of his experiences during a critical time of our history for a period of fifty years subsequent to his death. The publication of Lord Dalhousie's memoirs caused the overthrow of countless reputations, civil, military, and political, and, if his record be true, fallen idols should rightly now lie prostrate where statues have been raised. We would do well, therefore, in hesitating to announce the discovery of a super-man among the many who have figured in the conduct and leading of

our nation in the two years' struggle which it has faced.

We need not labour the question of the heavy handicap with which we entered upon war on 4 August 1914. Cursed with a Government which, being cognisant of the intentions of Germany, preferred their party faction to the security of their country, our wilful unreadiness positively invited aggression. So marked was this unpreparedness that our promise of a contribution of 160,000 men to our Ally in France on the outbreak of hostilities remained unredeemed, a grave responsibility upon the shoulders of those who made it. One-third of our "striking force" was, forsooth, compelled to remain within our shores, to ensure protection to millions of able-bodied men. We cannot doubt for a moment what a different picture would have been presented had six army corps stood in "line" at Mons in place of four. We have paid heavily for a broken promise. Brave men in their thousands have been languishing in German prisons for nigh two years, driven to surrender by overpowering numbers in the hasty and enforced retreat. The promised two more army corps, ably handled, would have saved both life and a disgrace. But what is a soldier's life to the politician? The campaign in the western theatre opened, as we know, upon 1 August 1914 by a violation of the Treaty of London 1867, when German troops committed a breach of neutrality by entering the Duchy of Luxembourg. We read of no protest by the principal guarantor of the treaty. It took four days, and another breach of neutrality to awake the Cabinet of Great Britain to a sense of duty. It is no secret that the minds of the Ministry were made up by their political opponents. The British Army was not mobilised until Belgian neutrality had been violated. Four priceless days had been lost—four days spent in the atmosphere of hesitating words, which gave to Germany the very military advantage she desired, the opportunity of a surprise. The attack on the fortress of Liège on 4 August gave to the Allied Commander the key to German strategy. France was to be invaded from the north-east. It should not have surprised the French Staff, or even any ordinary traveller, that some offensive from that quarter was to be expected. The miles and miles of military railway sidings that lie along the German frontiers which fringe the countries of Holland and Belgium have themselves advertised for some years that some vile purpose was intended. A redistribution of the French defensive line became imperative. The small British Expeditionary Force were somewhat late in coming into their allotted place in this redistribution. Placed as they were on the extreme left of the line, and of necessity unduly extended, their own left flank was more or less en l'air. What a godsend would have been the promised two divisions in such a situation. The battles of Charleroi, Mons, and Namur on 22, 23 and 24 August 1914 were destined to throw an entirely new and fresh light upon modern tactics. As the Master of War has left us in his maxims: "The tactics of war should be changed every ten years". Germany had learnt her lessons from Japan and the Star of the Balkans. Forts which hitherto had been the means of covering movements, holding supplies, or acting as a shield for armies, now require armies for their protection. They have become danger targets for hostile attraction. This surprise which the Allies were fated to encounter was a serious initial blow to France, for the entire system of defence of her frontier had been based upon a line of fortresses. The unexpected, which is always a feature in each successive war, had been sprung upon the armies of the Allied Powers. The Germans had kept their secrets well. There must have been a terrible laxness among the foreign military attachés at the Court of Berlin, or some effectual hoodwinking of those officers. A deluge of fire from implements of all natures and of every calibre which science had invented for man's destruction, and for which science had also discovered new methods of mobility, was the great surprise in store. The splendid co-operation of the airman



observer and reconnoitrer, moreover, added a fresh opportunity for the German to secure a perfect accuracy of fire, and thereby economise ammunition. The Allies were out-generalled, out-manceuvred, outnumbered, and out-fought both in battle tactics on the terrain and in "air" tactics above it, in their first encounter. A retreat was imperative. The Allies, if France was to be saved, must decide upon a defensive campaign pure and simple, and gain time in order to set to work and learn war from its best exponent. General Joffre had no hesitation in deciding. By ordering a general retreat the Allied armies gained in strength as they fell back upon their strategic reserves. Out of this source of recuperation a new army was created, with orders to assemble in the vicinity of Amiens between 27 August and 1 September 1914, and, when formed, this army was to operate upon the hostile right flank and rear of von Kluck's army, which stood on the right of the German advance. At the risk of uncovering Paris, the retreating armies maintained an unbroken front, for the piercing of the line at any point by the German avalanche meant disaster to the whole Allied force. The pressure on the retreating armies was sensibly relaxed on 7 September. A redistribution of the German armies, in order to meet the threatened and unexpected offensive on their right flank, was observable. General Joffre saw his opportunity to catch his enemy while in the toils of a flank manœuvre. By 5 September morale had been sufficiently restored to permit of the resumption of the offensive from the banks of the Marne and the plains of Champagne. The movement was full of dangers, full of perils, full of risks; but along a battlefield of nigh 200 miles fortune favoured the bold, and in no single point did the attack fail.

## II.

The first chapter in the history of the war in the western theatre closed with the battle of the Marne. It was decisive in two respects. It had broken the German initial plan of campaign. It had found for the Allies a complete confidence in the leader of their armies. The defeat on the Marne necessitated a retrograde for the German armies. Their leaders elected to stand on the defensive where their armies had stood a hundred years before under Blücher and Schwarzenberg, in defensive lines on the plateau between the Aisne and the Oise. From that moment dates the war of entrenchments. Both opponents were destined to learn the enormous power of the modern defensive. A loophole for a fresh hostile initiative, however, remained open. The northern gate to France still remained unguarded, and must be barred to the invader. The "race to the sea" commenced forthwith. A war of movement was imposed upon such forces of both opponents as could be withdrawn from the sectors of defence, and by being slipped from south to north were brought up to prolong the line as fast as they could be disposed of. On 6 October at Arras Maud'huy closed one gate that led both to Paris and the Channel ports. Foiled at Arras, there were yet two passages for the enemy to the coast—at La Bassée and on the Yser, near Ypres. We can recall the many and bloody encounters that have taken place on this latter historic battle-ground. The first battle of Ypres, which began on 20 October and ended on 12 November 1914 was perhaps the most violent contest in the first year of this war. Men had to be flung into the contest, collected from the nearest source, French or British alike, to save—cost what it might—the high road to Calais. The critical day of the struggle was perhaps on 31 October. Never before or since have the directing war councils of two Powers had such anxious moments as when news was flashed back hour after hour of the progress of this great fight, with its many ups and downs. Not a single reserve stood between the fighting line of the Allies and the sea. A defeat of the Allies at Ypres in these momentous hours meant the complete annihilation or the capture of the remnants of the brave Belgian Army which stood defending a war-logged soil, all that remained to them of their fair

country. With the defeat of the German great offensive in their second strategic plan, designed for the capture of Calais, the second chapter in the history of the Western campaign comes to a close. It confirmed the confidence of the Allies in the ability of their leader, but it achieved much more. It established beyond measure the moral superiority of the Allies over their boastful enemy.

We had to await for many months the next conception of a new strategic design by our opponent. The first battle of Ypres marked the inauguration of the winter campaign of stalemate. The war of entrenchments that was to follow exactly suited the Allied purpose. Strong enough in numbers to hold the enemy in his counter trench, the Allies permitted the foe to dash himself to fragments in minor vain efforts, whilst a much needed reorganisation was being carried out behind our lines. We had learnt much by the lessons of failure. It was obvious that strenuous work at reorganisation and rearmament would be required during the winter months if the Allies could hope for any prospect of success in overcoming the vast preponderance in the mechanism of war that was possessed by the enemy. The shortage in sufficient organised man power for the great task before us, both for the combat and for its requirements, was early foreseen in these columns. We are slow learners. On 17 October 1914 (in *Appreciation* No. 11) occurs this warning: "The main aim should be to let the manhood of the nation know by means of the law that Great Britain is at war, and at war for a cause which is vital to the country". What untold gold, what hundreds of thousands of lives would not have been saved, if a man had come among us to read aright this warning! France, with her system of compulsory service, was guaranteed a steady inflow of men to her ranks and a steady output of her requisite machinery for war. She looked to her Ally to join with her in a great offensive movement in the spring of 1915 that should clear the French soil of a hated foe. Alas! a strike in the month of February was destined to dash to the ground this and many other hopes. The workers on the Clyde were permitted to become masters of the war, and the weakness shown in dealing with this situation and many similar ones has culminated in a rebellion within our own shores. A system of government that finds itself unable to deal with the organised forces of disorder during a period of war is hardly one that promises success in the great adventure itself.

The battle line that defined the position of the opposing armies after the violent struggle at Ypres in November 1914 has shifted but little to this day. Salient and tactical points have been the objective of local initiative. La Bassée, Givenchy and Soissons saw furious fighting in the winter months of 1914-15, with varied success and failure to the Allies. In March 1915 the pent-up steam of the British clamoured for an offensive. Launched at Neuve Chapelle with the purpose of gaining a step towards Lille, it opened our eyes to the real power of the defensive when in the hands of an army imbued with the best qualities of trench discipline. Our armies were not at that time the equal of the German in his conception of the real work that can be put into defence. The contests that raged in the Argonne around St. Mihiel, at Bois le Pietre, and at Les Eparges taught the German that the French have lost not one iota of their great élan. The greatest of these trench fights, however, was witnessed in the region of Artois, where our Ally was destined to learn how inferior numbers, well posted in a labyrinth, can hold up the most resolute onslaught for weeks together. Nothing so stubborn as the defence of Souchez was encountered in the Western theatre in the first period of the war. Hill 60 will figure for ever as a landmark in the history of our Army. The second fight for Ypres was the sequence of this capture of the historic mole-hill on 17 April 1915. In the counter made by the enemy north of Ypres we were destined to learn for the first time the foul methods of warfare that have been devised by a bloodthirsty and unchivalrous foe. Our comrade

Canadians were destined to meet the overpowering fumes of the deadly instrument of poisonous gas that our adversaries have thought fit to employ. The war began with an untold number of surprises from long-range and powerful weapons. Within twelve months it degenerated into a combat of individuals at cricket-ball range. The daily battle is distinctly a soldiers' battle of explosives, bayonet and knives. Every day adds to the scope of the scientist and inventor, and the more deadly his contrivance, the more welcome will it be to his countrymen. Close quarters and in-fighting have always been the more costly nature of combat.

## III.

A pause in the German offensive in the western theatre was imposed upon her army by her great efforts to reach a decision in the east. In the absence of means of carrying out co-ordinate strategy on any scale that promised a definite result, the Allies were perforce limited, in the opening of the second year of the war, to somewhat spasmodic and disconnected efforts at the offensive. On 25 September what is known as the battle of Loos was launched by the British after a twenty-five days' bombardment. The operation orders were hardly such as might justify a successful issue. The means of consolidating the positions which had been won by great gallantry were too distant; defined objectives were not too precise in the orders that were issued, and the battle, which began with immense promise of success, owing to the great spirit of the troops, ended with a disappointing achievement of purpose. On the same day the French completed their long task at Souchez and the labyrinth. The greatest effort of the French, however, lay in the region of Champagne. Along a front of  $15\frac{1}{2}$  miles the hostile lines were penetrated to a depth of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles. The battle raged for many days, with varied success, but our Ally stood firm in his acquisitions.

The dull monotony of trench warfare in the western theatre, with its varied buffs and rebuffs, was, however, to receive an awakening. It was well known on each side that the coming spring of 1916 would witness the giant struggle for the mastery. Soldiers in their hundreds of thousands had been ground out in the winter months, and shells in their millions were already piled to deal death and destruction wherever and whenever the call for a supreme effort would be made. Germany, ever anxious to anticipate an adversary in the strategic area, elected to strike first. On 21 February she aimed her blow at Verdun. For what reason she selected that particular spot for her fresh initiative we know not. That she thought by a surprise victory to crush the spirit of resistance out of France, and impose upon her terms of peace which might be thought acceptable, has been one surmise; dynastic, political, economic motives have been equally suggested. Like all surprises in war, the first onslaught carried German arms well into the lines of our Ally. Then the elements began to have their say in the matter. Heavy snow clogged operations and rendered useless the services of airmen. The time thus gained by our Ally proved invaluable. For five months the struggle has waged, now on one bank, now on the other, of the Meuse in the great German effort to capture the old gate to France. Verdun has been the great lesson of the war, for it has been the greatest of all battles in war's history. We are at a loss to understand why the offensive was limited to the narrow front on one bank. The success of the French in the Champagne was, as above related, on a broad front of  $15\frac{1}{2}$  miles. The German scorns to learn, having been so long a teacher. We are grateful to him for instructing us in the value of a rehearsal for a supreme effort. We thank him for his lesson in the accumulation of an over-power of guns. He has shown us that supremacy in the air is imperative for victory, and we are now masters of the teacher. The story of two years' intensive warfare tells us that so great is the wastage of man-power in an offensive that it requires at least six months for recuperation of men and material. Germany has spent herself in the

attempt at Verdun, and the Allies hold the field in the initiative for many months to come. The Allied Commander wisely withheld the counter-blow which he had prepared until he saw that to stand aloof longer would be to put an unnecessary strain upon French arms. She has played a noble part in the campaign of 1916 and withstood a strain which few other nations could have faced. The offensive launched by both British and French forces on 1 July has started with the benefit of study from both the failure and success of enemy and self. On a front of twenty miles, in the region of the Somme, where the German has been for two years perfecting, in comparative ease, his system of defence, he has found two masters of the art of modern war. Driven from the air, his trenches pounded into dust by overpowering fire, he sees an adversary with a morale infinitely superior to his own pinching his way, step by step, not in senseless and uncontrolled strides, as at Loos, but first through the outer line and mazes of defence, thence to the second, until he stands triumphant on the third line, proudly gazing at the scene and task before him. Each village, farm, and wood in the past month's effort has been the scene of a battle of its own. There we leave the armies of the Allies in the western theatre, entering, as they are, into the third year of this gigantic war, confident in an assured, though by no means speedy, victory if only the people that stand behind the lines will play their part in the same spirit as the soldier.

## SPECIAL ARTICLES.

## THE GLORIOUS "NEW MODEL".

IN his fervent speech in Parliament the other day on the men of the New Armies the Secretary of State for War said that hitherto the one doubt in his mind had been: Would they be able, even with all their fine qualities, to overcome the difficulties caused by want of training? Would they be able to match the enemy forces in that great essential? But now the great advance on the Somme, he went on to declare, had dispersed the doubt—our New Armies had proved they could stand up victoriously against the highly-trained enemy. It is perfectly true, as Mr. Lloyd George said, they have actually wrestled with and thrown the picked Brandenburgers—just as their prototypes, the London trained bands, on Enborne Heath, withstood, long since, the clash of a splendid and most martial cavalry. But the Secretary of State for War, one cannot help thinking, might, long before July 1916, have put away his last honest doubts in this matter. Some rather thoughtless critics have from early in the war declaimed against the SATURDAY REVIEW for being "pessimistic" in regard to the war. But if they now cared to look back so far even as 27 February 1915 they would discover that we had by then—close on a year and a half before the present Secretary of State for War—put away our doubts in this matter of training. In an article called "The Glorious 'New Model'", which was wholly in keeping with the attitude of the REVIEW at the time, the writer sketched, after a visit to Scotland and to various recruiting and training districts in England, the growth and magnificent promise of the New Armies. The whole article seems quite in keeping with the national feeling about those armies to-day:

## I.

"There is no mistaking the quality of the New Army which is springing into glorious life under Lord Kitchener to-day: it is going to prove steel hard and steel true.

"One has not reached this opinion on the strength of various other opinions drawn from this authority or from that authority. Opinions founded on other opinions—even the most expert and highly specialised—are apt to be no opinions at all, particularly in a matter of this kind; and in any case they can hardly be said to be held. One must, to reach con-



viction, go about and see something of the type of man who is drilling, of the private, of the officer, of the non-com.; of their spirit, alacrity, physique. We must go through our doubts and hopes and fears about them. We must get to know something of the conduct of the men in their ordinary life, in their recreations and days off, their serious and lighter pursuits, and their way of looking at the war and their coming share in it. We must not shut our ears to grumbling, plenty of it, very natural, not unwholesome grumbling, about pay, about extremely uncomfortable conditions at times in this and that camp or training ground; to occasional complaints as to billeting, uttered not only by the men, but by their hosts into the bargain. Only in this way, after studying the thing constantly, if informally, for months, can one reach a clear enough view as to what the worth of such an immense concourse of men is likely to prove when it is transmuted by the alchemy of discipline—and patriotism—from a loose, raw mob into the compact army.

"We assuredly passed uneasily through a period of much misgiving at the beginning of the experiment. Who, except feather-headed optimists, has not? The chief doubts, of course, have been the doubts about (1) discipline, and (2) physical fitness, soldierlike hardness; both to be reached within how short a space of time! It would be insincere to affect that these doubts were soon, all round, completely laid. Why did the men of our Expeditionary Army do so extraordinarily well in France under the terrible strain put upon them at the time of Mons and later? How were they able to hold their own, and after the retreat at Mons more than their own, against far superior forces? It was not because they were pitted against a weak foe. They were pitted against a highly trained army of brave men, flung upon them in masses; men well fed, well officered, and full of confidence and—after the fall of Liège—success. To discount the skill, valour, and patriotism of the German troops is absurd and dull-witted: one can wholly agree with what has been often said in the matter of the veteran soldier, full of ripe experience in command and in war, who contributes each week to this REVIEW his 'Appreciation'—the Germans make a great army of brave men.

"The secret of the wonderful success of Sir John French's men, in positions of perhaps unparalleled hardship on the field so far as modern wars are concerned, must be, largely, sought for in the fact that they were a *standing* army, constant in practice, in discipline—men trained to something like the pink of perfection. We do not forget their leading—'calm courage and consummate skill'; and we do not forget the past claim of a great historian of campaigns—namely, that in our people is an 'innate warlike passion, the gift, it would seem, of high heaven to certain chosen races of men'. But continuous discipline and training, continuous practice—these things told immensely in the struggle at the time of Mons; and it would be hard indeed to over-estimate their value.

"This fact, then, set one doubting in those days, and for some time after, whether it would be possible to fill, for long, the gaps that grew larger and larger, and it caused grief and misgivings at home which we hardly cared to express to each other. But that phase has almost entirely passed away. We now know that gaps have been filled; and that in many instances the ranks of the old, historic regiments, Highland and other, have been fed by comparatively new men, by *green* men, who have given a great account of themselves in fighting.

"This last fact is one of the most cheering, one of the most wholly satisfactory facts of the war so far. There can be no question about it. I have heard it particularly during the last fortnight or so from staff officers who are by no means among the careless optimists, and who indeed are very far from making light of our late unpreparedness in various matters for a land campaign against a professional war Power like Germany.

## II.

"It is an extremely hopeful fact that, in some cases, the gaps in our old-established regiments have been made good by recruits to the Regular Army *who have actually not had such close and continuous training as many of the men in the New Armies now forming*. And these recruits have given as fine an account of themselves in violent fighting as the hard-bitten men whose places they took.

"But, wherever one turns to in the countryside where the New Armies are billeted and training, one is struck by the high spirit and growing hardihood of the men with the plain sleeve and the striped sleeve alike. Andrew Lang once confessed that he was moved by the spectacle of cricket in any form. He said he simply had to stop and watch and take interest in everything in the nature of the game, from Gentlemen v. Players or an Australian match down to evening practice on the roughest village green. Soldiering affects most of us to-day in just the same way: there has been no colour to touch that of these new, wondrous armies since one played with tin soldiers in scarlet and blue and black in one's very early years. There is some sort of magic, sheer magic, in khaki to-day.

"And what an amazing army it will be in the variety of the profession, class, disposition of its rank and file and non-commissioned officer—a variety which none the less is presently going to grow quite homogeneous for the purpose for which it has been called into being! The rough and the refined, pitman, parson, plough-boy, artist, shop assistant, clerk, corner-boy, 'Varsity undergrad, yeoman-farmer, postman, policeman, poet, and a hundred other kinds—some of them utterly remote from one another in what we thought was real life—all together in the great cause. The *εὐφυής* and the *ἀφύτης* both are there truly! Was there ever such a truly miraculous haul of men before? It easily surpasses Mr. Kipling's vision of duke's son and cook's son.

"Coleridge when he enlisted was an object of curiosity: I think it is Gillman who in the uncompleted life tells of the surprise of an officer in a regiment of horse who discovered Coleridge to be a Greek scholar or an authority on the accents. To-day Coleridge would not need to be sensitive on any score of that kind: it is likely enough he would find himself rubbing shoulders with another poet or Greek scholar, or at least with someone who was for finding room in his haversack for a copy of the 'Lyrical Songs and Ballads'.

"There is not the glimmer of a doubt to-day—these men are going to disprove absurdly all we thought or theorised about as to refinement being the decay of courage and endurance.

## III.

"A little while ago I chanced to be sitting in the smoke-room of a hotel in the Highlands talking with three or four officers. By and by the officers went off to bed, and I was left, as I thought, in the room by myself, listening to the rain on the roof and wondering whether I should ever get another salmon or if the Tay would be yet another five feet up in the morning and bringing down with it tree trunks and roots; when a stout, shabby, middle-aged man emerged from a far corner of the room, came and sat next me, and drew from his pocket and thrust at me some dirty, crumpled scraps of paper. I took him for an out-of-work who was seeking alms. He said he was waiting for the one o'clock train to Inverness, and, tired of waiting on the cold station, had come in for warmth. I responded without enthusiasm, but he insisted on my reading his various scraps of paper. It turned out he had just enlisted and was going to join his regiment, the — Highlanders. He did not want money, had not lost a place, and thought that after the war he might return to his work of engrossing clerk. His age on the Blue bit of paper was '37 years and 37 days'. I asked what was his other age, and he owned, with a sly twinkle, to 49, which obviously was



not far short of the true one. This man had joined, he told me—and I believe it now, though I doubted it at first—because he could not stick it any longer, and wanted to do something to satisfy his own feeling and for his country. He knew he was cutting himself adrift from his friends, from the whole of his past, secure, common-form life, and adventuring on a strange world remote from all his experience. It is not a light thing to do that in middle age. Even the bold Sir Bedivere himself, of Arthur's Round Table, did not enjoy starting on an unknown life, going forth companionless—

'Among new men, strange faces, other minds'.

"How much less is a podgy, somewhat seedy, and eminently unromantic person gone 49—the sort of figure one sees in the Commercial Room having a high tea, in carpet slippers—likely to feel at ease as he takes the icy plunge!

#### IV.

"That man, as it happened, was enlisting in the Regulars; but the same motive of heroism—heroism with him in a drab form, but the real thing all the same—has been unconsciously at work, in and out, all through the ranks of the new model that we see everywhere to-day: the new model that is so transformed from the state we saw it in last August or September, when it was in its braces and dingy civilian breeches, and is now perceptibly growing smarter and smarter, keener and keener, and more and more bodily fit. Getting on for three centuries ago there were drawn up one day on Enborne Heath, near the spot where Falkland fell, certain London trained bands, two or three regiments of them, raw Militia, that knew hardly any service beyond 'the easy practice of their postures in the artillery garden'. When the shock of the most famous cavalry came upon them they never budged: 'Give them their due', said Digby; 'they showed themselves like good men'; and whichever side we may sympathise with in that fight, Cavalier or Roundhead, we must admit that they decided the issue. The new model to-day is made of the same metal, only the metal has been tried and tempered by longer and completer tests than those of the artillery garden: and where there were a few thousands, we shall have a matter of millions.

"This army is already the most wonderful, vital thing—incomparably the most wonderful, if the Spithead pageant of 1912 be excluded—English eyes have looked on within living memory; and we know that it is yet to be doubled and trebled. I don't know whether it is Militarism or Jingoism or Junkerism to revel in this thing and to joy in the thought and seeing of it, and I personally don't care an atom under which stigma I come, but I have an instinct that England is a more godlike place, and that her air tastes purer, since the tramp of this army, the glorious rhythmic beat of it, has sounded on her old roads."

G. A. B. D.

#### THE MURDER OF CAPTAIN FRYATT.

By Major-General Sir Alfred E. Turner.

IT is to be hoped the terrible murder of Captain Fryatt, of the ss. "Brussels", by the Kaiser and his court-martial, composed of miscreants acting under orders, will convert our half-fighters at St. Stephen's and Whitehall into whole fighters, and our pro-Germans, and even our religious objectors, into at least half-fighters. There should be no mincing of words in the Foreign Office this time, and the right term, murder and murderer, should be applied to the monster at whose beck the mock court-martial was assembled. As in the case of Miss Cavell (whose cowardly murder, it is understood, is designated by our Foreign Office as an "execution"!), the deed was carried out with all the cold-blooded cruelty innate in the Germans of to-day, and it proves, as everything else done by them in this war proves, that Rudyard Kipling was right

when he wrote that there are two races in the world, human beings and Germans. Against every law of God and man, Captain Fryatt has been done to death, and the deed is one which will ever be recorded in history, and remembered against the most savage and cruel of Governments. Attila and his Huns, Alaric and his Goths, Tamerlane and his Tartars, Genghis Khan and his Mongols, Alva and his followers, would have hesitated at the deeds of the Kaiser and his Germans, for it is impossible to differentiate between this criminal and his people. Whenever a deed of surpassing atrocity is committed by the order of the Kaiser, whenever women and children are slaughtered by his Zeppelins, and now, when Captain Fryatt has been assassinated, a howl of joy goes up from one end of Germany to the other, and especially in Prussia and Bavaria. As Lieut.-Col. Thornton, the very able manager of the Great Eastern Railway, to which service Captain Fryatt belonged, said, on hearing of the crime, "The Germans are vermin, and must be exterminated like any other vermin". A nation of 70,000,000 cannot be literally exterminated; but the Kaiser, Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, Tirpitz, and Ballin, who, with their master, planned the "Lusitania" crime, von Falkenhayn, von Stenger, von Krachwitz, who with the approval of the Kaiser ordered the butchery of Edith Cavell, and others against whom clear evidence exists must be hanged. Consider how the Allies disposed of Napoleon; yet he was an angel compared to the monster who rules Germany, Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria.

Wilhelm II. has killed the soul of Germany till she "has become corrupt and has done abominable things; there is none that doeth good, no not one". It would be treason to our people and to our splendid and self-sacrificing Allies, one and all of whom are determined that Germany shall be beaten to the dust, to discuss terms of peace with a Government that is not possessed of a scrap of truth and honour, which glories in murder and every sort of bestial outrage, which regards all treaties as "scraps of paper", to be torn up whenever it serves their purpose. Terms of peace must be forced down the throats of the Germans at the point of the bayonet; and if, as she boasts, Germany has stored up ample treasure, it must all be forced out of her as compensation for the ills she has brought on the world, and as war indemnities, which the Kaiser told his people he would extract from France and England. Some persons are expressing wonder why such a horrible crime as the murder of Fryatt, which could serve no other purpose than to stir the anger of the whole Empire and our Allies, and would serve no useful naval or military objects, but can only add enormously to the reckoning that Germany must submit to, was perpetrated. In the first place, the Kaiser and his subjects have shown that they love bloodshed and cruelty for its own sake, like true criminals of homicidal instincts and Sadistic propensities; but it is also probable that Captain Fryatt was murdered as a part and parcel of the *frightfulness* by which the Kaiser thought to intimidate the degenerate and decadent Britons and bend them to his will. This he thought he could accomplish by slaughtering our women and children by his Zeppelins. Truly the Germans are as thick-headed as they are swelled-headed, as ignorant as they are arrogant, not to see that every such act of brutality steels us more and more to exact retribution to the last jot and tittle. It may be that such acts are those of desperation, and that, like a cornered savage beast, Germany is seeking to make her victors, and especially the hated British, pay heavily before she goes under. We cannot make reprisals on the German prisoners in our hands; it is German, not British, to bully, insult, ill-treat, and starve those who are helpless and unable to defend themselves. But we are determined, as are our Allies, that this infamous Power and nation shall have her teeth drawn and her claws cut. If this is not done, we know that she will prepare for revenge and another war, as she did

after Jena, when she rose gradually to be the greatest peril the civilised world has ever known. Above all, the Hohenzollerns must be banned and banished for once and all. As for Germany, let us follow the advice of Sir George Foster, Canadian Minister of Commerce and Trade, given before the infamous murder of Captain Fryatt was known: "I am not an apostle of hate, but I have a memory. I would give the German nation a generation to repent—a generation in which German goods, German wares, German business, German men, shall be banned like a pestilence from the pale of the British Empire". Our Allies do not need such advice, for they are, one and all, determined to hold themselves apart from contact with the leprous people; but there are those among us who, forgetful of, or indifferent to, the awful sacrifices we have made, and the thousands of the flower of our heroic youths who are readily sacrificing their lives to crush the German beast and free the world from tyranny and slavery, talk about dealing with Germany after the war as before it, and carrying out with her contracts made before August 1914. Such people are treacherous to the Empire, to our Allies, and to their heroic countrymen who have fallen on the field of honour.

## MIDDLE ARTICLES.

### THE ECHOES.

ENGLAND in a good hay-making year is always a wonderful, faery place; but when was the country-side quite so steeped in the scent and loveliness of this peasant-old festival as during the past three weeks? The dawn-out eves of July, with their two hours of paradisaal coolness between sundown and dark, the lustrous afterglows in the west, then the solemn monochrome, with the sight and sound of the slow-moving wain and the old men, women, and children toiling joyously at the huge crops almost till the great stars Arcturus and Auriga begin to throb and scintillate—these excellent things may help us to remember for a long time the summer of 1916, with its burning days at the close of July. But there is something more than that which will keep July 1916 vivid in the thoughts—the extraordinary sardonic contrast between these scenes of an infinite peacefulness, between this high content and balm, and the bloody business that is going forward all the time just across the water and constantly within sound of some point or other in hay-making England.

Starting out for London on Tuesday last week, I went down into the deep dell where among the sorrels and ferns it is always shade, crossed the thread of water trickling through it, now at lowest summer level, and came up and out into a high, open expanse of oats next the bean field, where the sun, just gaining power, was drying up the dews of a star-charmed night. Just here is a very heaven of hay: you have now and then to be stopping, as you wind along the footpath across these Sussex hills, to gather up a wisp and snuff its fragrance; and you realise then why horses like a manger full of dry grass.

Suddenly, in the midst of such old field speculations, and in an atmosphere full of the smell and spirit of this good fresh thing, one becomes acutely conscious of the guns once more. On and off, they have been quivering, thudding, and muttering throughout these Sussex hills all this past month. One night I came out of doors, a very still night, eleven o'clock, to hear any sound that might be coming from the east or south-east. The train a mile away was just out of the tunnel, and, thinking that must drown whatever sound might be coming from the same direction for

several minutes, I was returning indoors when thud, thud, thud, thrice from the battlefield, anything from a hundred and thirty to a hundred and fifty miles away, spoke the voice of a gun *over* the roar of the train near by: a note far lower than the sound of the train, yet distinct, unmistakable; and I recognised that the ear can be perfectly conscious of two sounds at the same moment, one crashing and roaring near by; the other low and remote, but deeply, dreadfully insistent—the two mixed up, yet clear-cut, well defined, unaffected by one another.

But this morning on the Sussex upland the trains were silent. The air was wholly ruled by the guns, and, for some reason I cannot discover, marvellously sensitive to their music—guns clearly of various calibres, guns following one another continuously for the best part of half an hour, and so thick that between the sounds one might not often have been able to count ten, even quickly. A great battle was joined! More than a hundred and thirty miles away from our Sussex hay-field the Germans were pouring hell-fire into a certain bit of trench—judging by news later in the day, and by the time, into that two hundred yards which they contrived, by intense artillery work, to occupy for a brief time—and preparing for the counter-attack. Walking a few paces farther up into the hay-field, one had a fresh lesson in acoustics: every considerable sound from the guns of that battle-field, more than a hundred and thirty miles away, was exactly reverberated on the hills immediately behind the hearer. Looking east, or south-east, I heard a note, or a double note, of a gun; and immediately after it was faithfully repeated by the woods and hills behind me to the west. At first I thought the sounds behind were coming from some battleship practising at Spithead; but in less than a minute it was made clear enough, by the regularity, the invariability, of the repetitions that I was listening to echoes of the guns as well as to the guns.

The firing grew in rapidity and intensity, reached a hellish climax, then died out suddenly, completely. There ensued a profound silence more significant than sound. . . . I followed the winding track through those scented hay-fields full of their unspeakable balm, brushed through seeded foxtail and fescue into the coppice path of the nightjar, and out into the pasture below, all green and gold to-day with bird's-foot trefoil and dyers' greenweed.

## RIDING IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY WALTER WINANS.

EVERYONE who, like myself, has attempted to paint or model a knight on horseback has been confronted with the same difficulties. Almost all works of reference, with hardly an exception, leave us in the dark as to essentials, as regards details of the horse. The writers, like museum authorities, though very learned, are seldom horsemen. The result is that if one wants to know how the horse was bitted, or if there was a balance girth, one merely finds fragments, vaguely called "trappings". The authorities consider that sufficient.

What artists want to know is, if the horse was ridden in a snaffle, bridoon, or long cheeked curb; if the man rode long or short; and thousands of details which are of vital importance if one wants to represent the thing correctly. It is no use referring to old brasses or paintings, as the artists were mostly like those modern ones who are not horsemen and are quite satisfied if they connect the rider's hands with the horse's mouth by one or more sets of reins, and



who are entirely indifferent as to what shape the bit should be or as to how the reins should be held.

It seems to me that the riders must have ridden very long, as their saddles were the forerunners of the Mexican and Western cow-boy ones. The horse having body armour would prevent the knights keeping their legs close to the horse's sides; therefore they must have ridden with a straight leg, unlike the custom of the earlier chain armour days, when, according to contemporary illustrations, they rode very short, and their legs hung so low that they must have ridden ponies, as the ancient Greeks did. I do not think they stuck their feet forward, as some of the old illustrations in manuscript show us, as no horseman would sit so: it must have been the artist's idea, just as many modern artists think the further the feet are stuck in front, the better the man sits his horse.

The knight having to sit with much quilting and armour over the horse had not only to sit with a straight, upright leg, but the legs wide apart. This is why he had such long-necked spurs, in contrast to the short spurs the Saxons rode their armourless ponies with.

If the knights had used the aids they would, in pressing their calf against the horse, have got their long-necked spurs under the horse's flank and injured it. The long-necked spurs are, I think, a sign that they rode like cow-boys, without using the aids, but merely turning the horse by the rein against the neck. This is why they had the long-cheeked port bit, and the horse's neck was bent by the pain of the bit, not by collecting and bending him by the aids. There are no illustrations showing how the reins were held, but probably they were either held as modern cavalry hold the curb reins or both over the first finger, as a cow-boy holds his.

It is curious that, whilst the knight's armour was so ingeniously made to protect all vulnerable parts, even when the arms were raised, the horse was not fully protected. His forehead, crest, withers, and loins were covered, but his jugular vein (except where it was partly covered at its lower part by chain armour or some iron plates), and his knees, hocks, and back tendons were entirely exposed.

A guard protected his eyes from the front and served the purpose of what we call "shadow blinds" or "rogue's hood", to prevent the horse shying from something in front, as probably horses were found to refuse to face the charging adversary—as a picador's horse is blinded against the bull's charge. There was also a guard for the roots of the ears and the main part of the dock of the tail.

The probable reason for this absence of defence was that an animal's suffering was disregarded, and the only defences which made the horse useful were provided for. The dock of the tail guard seems an exception; the knights protected their horses from being docked by the enemy, whilst moderns not only do not protect the tails, but do the docking themselves.

It seems curious not to guard the jugular vein, back tendons, hocks, and knees, and especially not to guard the horse from being hamstrung. Hamstringing was the favourite way of attacking knights by foot soldiers, who had poles with scythes put upright on them for this express purpose of creeping up behind a horseman whilst he was engaged in front, and could not see on account of his closed vizor, and hamstringing his horse, which would bring down the horse and put the rider at the foot soldier's mercy.

A modern American trotting-horse bootmaker can protect a horse's legs from the elbow to over the coronet in front and from the stifle to over the coronet behind, whilst the boots are jointed and so light that all trotting records are made in them, which shows that they not only do not hamper a horse, but add to his speed, owing to his not being afraid of hitting his legs.

Of course, the modern horse bootmaker has the advantage of hardened steel, indiarubber, and tattle leather, all three unknown in the Middle Ages; but, even without these, one of these horse bootmakers

could devise iron guards, padded inside with quilting, which would protect the back tendons, knees, and hocks, and entirely prevent hamstringing or cutting the jugular of the horse; and yet the horse could easily get up the fast canter, which was the utmost needed in charging; also steel spikes on the hock cap, knee-boot, and quarter boots on hind legs, would keep foot soldiers off if the horse began to let out at them.

### RIDDLES R.F.C.\*

1916.

HE was a boy of April beauty; one  
Who had not tried the world; who, while the  
sun  
Flamed yet upon the eastern sky, was done.

Time would have brought him in her patient ways—  
So his young beauty spoke—to prosperous days,  
To fulness of authority and praise.

He would not wait so long. A boy, he spent  
His boy's dear life for England. Be content:  
No honour of age had been more excellent.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

### LA BOISSELLE.

FRETTE to fragments by the tide of war,  
And scattered utterly  
By that last tempest shock,  
I see thee still in dreams—  
A wooded comfort on the hill.  
I see the child at play,  
The labourer home-returning from the fields,  
And all thy easy quiet at eventide,  
What time a sunset glory caught the tower  
Of Albert's grand basilica,  
And blazed in purple skies  
The golden vision of the Mother and her Child.  
Now all thy ways are desolate:  
Thy fields are scarred and torn,  
Confused with broken shard and shredded wire,  
Holding in light embrace  
Our hosts of gathered dead.  
And only worms shall be thy harvesters,  
And never child shall play amid thy ruins,  
Nor ever stricken tree show leaf again.  
And see, on Albert's shattered tower  
The Virgin Mother stands no more to bless!  
Thy life is passed,  
And all the future days  
Shall be but thy unfinished requiem.

P.

B.E.F.,

La Boisselle, July 1916.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### WORDS, IDLE WORDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hammerfield,

Penshurst, Kent,

31 July 1916.

SIR,—“Hoc volo, sic jubeo; sit pro ratione voluntas”. It is not to be wondered at that Mr. Lloyd George's proposals for the settlement of the Irish question have come to grief—seeing that, by his own admission, he has never understood the limitations of Home Rule at all, nor even the effect of his own suggestions for peace.

Last week he said: “If anything was made clear it was two things: (a) that the proposed measure of Home Rule was a purely temporary and provisional arrangement; and (b) that under no condition did the present Government, or any member of it, ever con-

\*Lieut. S. G. Ridley, Royal Flying Corps, sacrificed his life in the Egyptian desert in an attempt to save a comrade. He was 20 years of age.



template bringing in a measure to force the six counties into a Home Rule Government for Ireland against their will". He further added: "If anything was made clear, those two things were made absolutely clear. It would be a great misfortune if this agreement were to fall through, not because there is any difference in substance, but purely and simply because we cannot arrive at a form of words which will enable that to be carried out."

"No difference in substance"? Only the difference between provisional and final, only the difference between light and darkness, only the difference between black and white. The Prime Minister and Mr. Lloyd George seem to be of opinion that playing with words is the sole secret of statecraft.

Once, some years ago, Mr. Asquith confided to his constituents that a controversy arose in one of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinets as to the correct wording of the quotation from "Juvenal" which I have placed at the beginning of this letter. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Asquith maintained that it ran thus: "*Sic volo, sic jubeo; sine stet ratione voluntas.*" Here, in a nutshell, is the whole difference between sophistry and statecraft.

The first declaration, which I am not commending, is that of the autocrat, who deals with facts, not words, the second is the profession of the politician who brings himself to believe that the world can be governed by words, that irreconcilables and incommensurables and incompatibles can be quadrated by words—that the circle can be squared by words—that any system of Government will work provided it is written in an Act of Parliament, or stands in the preamble of a Bill. That is the great delusion of the politician, especially of the lawyer-politician. According to the homely proverb, "Fine words butter no parsnips", and phrases can never be made a substitute for facts. Mr. Lloyd George seems to regard Home Rule as the antechamber to Colonial Independence—else why all this talk about a Colonial Conference to determine the relations of Ireland with England, Scotland, and Wales. Here is the root fallacy, which cannot too often be exposed. Ireland is not a Colony, and can never be permitted to become a Colony. That little island on our western flank is, and must ever remain, an integral part of the United Kingdom; and no conjuration of words or hocus-pocus of phrases can ever alter or modify that fundamental fact.

Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell were wont to pay lip homage to the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, and the original Home Rule Bills were bestudded with phrases to this effect; but words made no difference to the facts, and the Grand Old Man broke up the historic Liberal Party in vain attempts to overcome their invincible resistance. Since then the present Prime Minister has shattered the time-honoured balance of the British Constitution for the same purpose, and with the same effect. Hitherto this mirage of a Home Rule Millennium has evaded its perfervid, but purblind, pursuers, who have preferred to wander in the wilderness of political controversy rather than to co-operate for the practical development of the real resources of the Emerald Isle.

And last, but not least, Mr. Lloyd George, another Celtic Quintus Curtius, has leapt lightly into "Varathrum", dragging after him Mr. John Redmond and Sir Edward Carson, who, swearing they would ne'er consent, have consented into the Serbonian slough of separatist futility. But still the gaping gulf yawns wide; still Dublin smokes with the ruin of rebellion; still the Sinn Feiners take sweet counsel together for the establishment of Utopian Republics in the land of dreams. And this tragedy of errors will inevitably continue, going steadily from bad to worse, until the sensible and sober-minded men of all parties realise that the reconciliation of Ireland is not to be won by vivisection or coercion, but only by mutual agreement and common consent.

Yours faithfully,  
ARNOLD F. HILLS.

#### GENERAL ELECTION TALK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2 August 1916.

SIR,—There is a great deal of chaff flying about just now in regard to the need of a General Election, a Free Parliament, and so forth. Those who scatter it wish—and here I sympathise with them wholly—to get quit of the old gang and fetch in an entirely new and fresh lot. But how are they going to do this? Behold—will it be credited?—their plan is to have an election on the usual lines, to get the usual agents and whips and caucusmongers and wirepullers to work in the old usual way, so that the constituencies may once more select according to their wont the usual men who are selected carefully for them beforehand!

How are we going to secure a new earth, to say nothing of a new heaven, in this manner? Anything more thoughtless than this cry for an election on the old familiar lines with the old familiar machinery and the old familiar candidature—in order that we may make an entirely new start in life and secure a brand new Peace and Settlement Ministry—I cannot conceive of.

Yours faithfully,  
AN OBSERVER.

#### THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND: A FOOLISH OUTCRY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Grange,  
Nr. Rotherham,  
27 July 1916.

SIR,—The childish outcry against the Duke of Cumberland bids fair to make us ridiculous in the eyes of Europe and of posterity. The Duke is a German prince, and is, therefore, bound to fight for Germany, and entitled to write and congratulate the German Emperor on a German success. The fact that he bears an English title does not make him a subject of the King of England; and therefore he cannot be called a traitor for fighting against him. The Dukes of Marlborough and Wellington, unless I am mistaken, are princes of the Holy Roman Empire. This empire and the old empire of Germany were one and the same thing; and the modern German Empire and the Austrian Empire practically represent the State that granted these titles. Yet these dukes cannot be called traitors for fighting against these States. One of the titles of His Gracious Majesty, unless I am again mistaken, is Duke of Saxony. If it is right, as it has always been held to be, that orders of knighthood and hereditary titles should be granted to foreigners, there can be no sense in depriving their holders of them merely for fighting against the State that granted them. For it must be obvious that these persons or their descendants are likely some day to be fighting against the granters. Of course, a member of an order of knighthood may be deprived of his order for conducting war in an unknighly and unchivalrous manner. And for this the German Emperor has no doubt been rightly deprived. A few moments' thought, a few minims of historical knowledge, should suffice to show that Royal personages must be placed in a different category from other people in these matters. It has always been considered advisable that members of Royal Houses should marry among themselves. They, therefore, belong to no country by race, but only by succession or adoption. In their case it is right that brother should be arrayed against brother and father against son. For their duty to their country comes before their duty to their family. With regard to the succession to the Crown, there seems to be no justification for debarring the descendants of the Duke of Cumberland from their remote place in it.

The daughter of Henry VII. carried the English succession into the Scottish Royal House. James V. fought against England, yet that did not prevent James VI. of Scotland from inheriting the English

Crown. It is curious that the quarter where this mare's nest is exploited is the one in which most tenderness is shown towards real traitors to their King and country. What is the motive?

On the other hand, the plight of the Legitimists is truly pitiable. For the heir, Prince Rupert, of the representative of Charles I., Queen Mary of Bavaria, is one of the bitterest enemies of England, far more so than his duty to his country demands or than would be expected in the inheritor of such a claim. May not this fact, together with their 200 years' exclusion, be taken to show that Providence has, at any rate now, turned away from the senior representatives of the House of Stuart?

Your obedient servant,  
GILBERT E. MOULD.

### THE DECAY OF FAITH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

16, Dagenham Road,  
Rusholme, Manchester.

SIR,—That there is a wide-spread and general decay of the faith as "once for all" given to the keeping and custody of the saints, or the true saved and converted Church of God and the Christ, is evident all around us, in all, or nearly all, denominations of Christian people—both amongst Episcopalians and various bodies of Nonconformists alike.

We all need a great shaking up, quickening, and general reviving of true religion and godliness, and of all-round sound Evangelical and Protestant Christianity all over the country. Many of us are fast becoming mere formalists and superstitious; Sacerdotal and Pro-Roman, practically—both in doctrine and practice—in our avowedly Evangelical and Protestant Established Church of England; and are thus proving ourselves traitors to our Prayer-Book, Articles, and Homilies, all of which the clergy and laity are in duty bound to uphold and maintain. Then, again, Rationalistic errors abound, amongst Anglicans and Nonconformists alike. The very truth, authenticity, and full inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, of both the Old and New Testaments, are being denied, assailed, and undermined by so-called learned prelates, professors, college tutors, etc., all around us.

Our Germanised theology is playing sad havoc both with sound morals and with sound Christianity all over the land. Bradlaugh and Foote and Tom Paine may, more or less, to-day be heard in our church and chapel pulpits—of course, in a veiled form and guise, as suits the purposes of the old liar and enemy of souls, Satan, who still goes about seeking whom he may devour, allure and destroy, both in body and in soul.

The remedy is to get back to the old gospel as preached by good Martin Luther, John Wycliffe, Huss, John Knox, Charles Haddon Spurgeon, Bishop Ryle, and others.

Yours faithfully,  
(REV.) WILLIAM WILSON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bangor, North Wales.

SIR,—It seems to me that your correspondent, Walter Winans, is confuted by his own statements. He says: "How can anyone, who by the nature of things sees and understands only an insignificant part of the Universe, have no doubt whatever that it is governed wrong", etc.? How, then, can Mr. Winans be justified in saying that all is for the best, and that the Universe is guided by a beneficent power? Mr. Winans is quite as unqualified to dogmatise on the subject as any of his adversaries. The Christian and the Agnostic are far more consistent and reasonable than Mr. Winans.

Yours faithfully,  
A CONSTANT READER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

B.E.F., France, 29 July 1916.

SIR,—Mr. Lovell, in his letter to the SATURDAY REVIEW for 22 July, professes to have made a "prolonged study of the question of the interpretation of the Bible"; but it would appear from his remarks that he has not made a very thorough study of the New Testament.

Mr. Lovell evidently does not approve of the Church holding public services, and he goes so far as to attempt to show us that Christ also disapproved of public worship.

There is nothing in the New Testament to show us absolutely definitely what was Christ's attitude towards this subject, but we may draw inferences from quotations such as the two following: "My house is the house of prayer" (St. Luke xix.), "And it came to pass that after three days they found Him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions" (St. Luke ii.).

Surely the first of these quotations shows us that Christ intended us to have public places of worship, and the second shows us that He was accustomed to visit such places.

In 1 Corinthians xi. St. Paul gives various rules to be observed by Christians attending divine service in church. Now, it must be remembered that the Apostles had derived their doctrines from Christ Himself, and we must therefore conclude from this chapter that He approved not only of public services but also of formality in them.

If Mr. Lovell cares to make a fresh study of the New Testament he will find that the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles are full of references to the custom prevalent amongst Christ and His disciples, and all the early Christians, of meeting together for prayer. Mr. Lovell quotes the passage: "And when thou prayest thou shalt not be as the hypocrites, for they love to pray standing in the synagogue and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. But when thou prayest enter into thy closet. . . ." He considers that this was a condemnation of Church services; but surely it refers rather to the private prayer of individuals.

Yours faithfully,  
B. GLOSSOP.

### INTERFERENCE IN WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Dundee, 29 July 1916.

SIR,—M. Briand is not eternally harassed, confronted, and confounded with an Ulster-cum-Ireland-cum-Home Rule imbroglio, as is Mr. Asquith; but the Republican democracy possesses a flourishing counterpart or understudy of Messrs. Markham, Pringle, Hogge, and Co. in the British Parliament. They are vigilant with interpellations that might disturb the equilibrium of the equator, and that raise the temperature of the Chamber to "Ginnell" heat. They are insistent with military puzzles that would upset the stoical impassivity of a Chinese mandarin.

M. Bénazet moved the appointment of thirty deputies as a direct delegation to the seat of war. They are to exercise, without any intervention, the conception, the direction, and the execution of the military operations on precise objects, and on the place of all the services, having the mission to provide the needs of the arms.

Titus Livy, the most eminent of the Roman historians, gave an irrefutable answer to a similar proposal just 2,000 years ago. The Florentine Secretary, in his "Discourse on the First Decade", examines "How the Romans gave to the captains of their armies free commissions", alias full powers or *carte blanche*. He tells the adventures of two delegates that the Senate sent to the Consul Fabius to dissuade him from passing into Tuscany. "They arrived when Fabius had already passed, when he was already victorious; and, instead of stopping the expedition, they returned as ambassadors of the conquest and of the glory of the Consul. Besides, the Senate gave counsel regarding a matter which it could not understand—because, though it included men exercised in war, meantime not being on the battlefield, and not knowing an infinite number of details that it is necessary to know to counsel well, they had in



giving counsel fallen into an infinity of errors". The Roman historian "insisted" thereupon, because he saw that the Republics of the present time (that is, 2,000 years ago)—as Venetia and Florence—comprehend it all otherwise, and if their captains, providers, and commissioners have to put in position an artillery they wish them to be warned and counselled".

Fortunately, it is indisputably stated by Lord Curzon that neither the War Committee nor the Coalition Cabinet interfere with or control, directly or indirectly, the tactics, the strategy or the field manoeuvres as conceived, planned, and executed by the Commander-in-Chief and Staff of the British Army.

The discourse of Livy is from an illuminating article by M. Charles Benoist in the July number of the "Revue des Deux Mondes", Paris.

I am, etc.,

THOMAS OGILVY.

#### "WAIT AND SEE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Firlea, 15, College Road, Exeter,

31 July 1916.

SIR,—The meaning of the word I am about to use, "quandary", is, I find in one of my dictionaries (Richardson's "English Dictionary"): "From the French, 'Qu'n diray-je'; i.e., 'quid agam, quid dicam, quo me vertam, nescio'; 'what I shall do, or say, or where turn me, I know not'".

This is what our Government find they have now got themselves into with regard to Irish matters: the result, without doubt, of our Prime Minister's "Wait-and-see" policy.

Evidently his will (the Prime Minister's) dominates in the Cabinet. But, as to himself, this will leads him now one way, now another way, then yet another way, and still one more way. And the result is that he finds himself quandary-bogged. And the Cabinet are there bogged with him. Sir, it would be shameful at any time; in the crisis of this tremendous war it ought to be past endurance.

Policy should be nowhere now; it is out of place altogether. The one purpose must be the salvation of our kingdom and Empire. "Wait and see" cannot help forward this salvation. This mismanagement of the Government of a part of our kingdom can but hang as a heavy burden on us, crippling us and prolonging the great contest at the cost of many more lives. As now, day by day, we read the long lists of killed and wounded, we ask with indignation: How much longer is this to go on?

Ah! we sigh indeed for the leader we need: the leader with the skill to plan and the will to carry out; the master mind who can grasp the position and deal with it.

Yours faithfully,

(REV.) WM. JOEL WOOD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

30 July 1916.

SIR,—The best settlement for Ireland would be on a geological basis—beneath the waves of the Atlantic Ocean.

Yours faithfully,

A. GEOLOGISTURNEDSOLDIER.

#### MR. HUGHES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Referring to your article, at the risk of seeming ungracious, one would like to ask whether in the unstinted praise which is bestowed upon the Labour Minister of Australia there is not some lack of a sense of proportion?

The war is being waged, as we are assured a thousand times a day, to secure "freedom and free institutions" for all the countries of Europe. Now, political freedom and free institutions are of small worth if they do not connote personal liberty, and for this last Mr. Hughes has but little use, as we know from his boast that no man who is not a

trade unionist is allowed to work on the docks and wharves of Australia.

Freedom of speech is one of the "free institutions" which is suspect just now, so I feel that I am doing an almost outrageous thing in asking you to find room for this in your columns.

Yours faithfully,

S. F. RYDER.

#### "HOWLERS" IN LATIN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your article, "The Pursuit of Latin", reminds me of a "howler" which is perhaps also a "chestnut", but which I offer to you for what it may be worth. I am told that a schoolboy once translated Virgil's line—

"Vere novo gelidus canis cum montibus humor"  
(Georgics I., line 43),

as thus—

"Strange but true, a cool dog with heaps of humour!"

I am, Sir, etc.,

EX-SCHOLAR T.C.D.

#### "EREWHON" BUTLER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

26 July 1916.

SIR,—I have to thank you for your review of my study of Samuel Butler in last week's issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW. There is, however, one point mentioned by the reviewer which I should like again to bring before his notice. In a passage which he quotes I have described Butler as "the last of the adventurous English amateurs, interested in so many things that even at the end of his life he hardly knew what his vocation was, though he would have called it the making of books". My meaning here, which is more explicitly given in another passage, is that Butler was essentially a spectator, an amateur in an age dominated by dull and pompous professionalism, "a non-professional worker in the various departments that interested him, as well as a lover". The writer of the article calls this view of Butler "exaggeration"; it is contradicted, he says, by his own words about "the pretty roundness" of his career. But surely Butler can still remain an amateur in the sense that I have described him, with a symmetrical career—the literary and scientific studies, the discussion of Christian miracles, the music which grew out of his love of Handel, and the painting, are led up to and concluded by the two Erewhon books—as he himself put on record a few days before his death. The two statements, it appears to me, are not by any means incompatible.

Yours, etc.,

JOHN F. HARRIS.

#### "OUR BOER BROTHERS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3, Crown Office Row, Temple, E.C.,

29 July 1916.

SIR,—There is a statement in Sir Lees Knowles's interesting letter in your issue of to-day which should not be allowed to pass over. He says that the continuance of the language is a powerful weapon for sedition, and it is almost a crime that the streets should be labelled in Irish as well as English.

There is, I think, an innuendo that the language of any conquered country should die.

Does he remember that Dutch is taught compulsorily in South African schools? Not only are the names of the streets labelled in Dutch and English, but all official announcements *must* be made in both languages. Yet has there ever been such a noble example of loyalty and patriotism of a conquered people as that shown since the outbreak of war by our Boer brothers?

Yours faithfully,

HAROLD BENJAMIN.

## REVIEWS.

MR. LEACOCK AND HIS O. HENRY.

**"Essays and Literary Studies."** By Stephen Leacock. Lane. 3s. 6d. net.

HERE we have, not Stephen Leacock, the irrepressible and irresponsible author of "Nonsense Novels" and "Literary Lapses", but Professor Stephen Leacock, of a Canadian University. The Professor has for this occasion discarded the motley and assumed another kind of cap and gown, which he wears, it must be confessed, with a certain jauntiness. The cap is a little awry and the gown is a little tumbled, owing to certain acrobatic performances of a not altogether academic character. With the best will in the world to be serious, Professor Leacock cannot resist the inclination occasionally to stand upon his head. It must be admitted that he stands upon his head very well, and that his antics are distinctly preferable to the ponderous seriousness of many more pretentious but less agile minds. It is true that he does not write in the grave and measured terms of the typical professor so much as in the racy, graphic language of the Transatlantic journalist, that he has the habit of introducing into the most serious argument—on the existence of God, perhaps—an anecdote beginning, "I know a little man called Bliggs"; but for all that Professor Leacock is no charlatan. He has thought, and has thought to some purpose. And he has one refreshing and endearing quality: he has reverence for tradition and for the past. He does not think a thing is good merely because it is new. He has some shrewd things to say—and he says them very forcibly—about certain modern vague and hysterical ideas which have replaced the authoritative dogmas of the older time, and he castigates the easy pardon of the Unscrupulous, the Apotheosis of the Jungle, and the Deification of the Detective. His apologia for the devil is excellent, for he sees the wholesome truth that the morality which the devil was commissioned to inculcate was essentially altruistic, while the new moral ideal is force, brute force, and Mastery and Success are the sole tests of excellence. And of the modern worship of the Body, with a capital B, Professor Leacock writes: "The Monk, or the Good Man, of the olden day despised the body as a thing that must learn to know its betters. He spiked it down with a hair shirt to teach it the virtue of submission. He was, of course, very wrong and very objectionable. But one doubts if he was much worse than his modern successor who joys consciously in the operation of his pores and his glands, and the correct rhythmical contraction of his abdominal muscles, as if he constituted simply a sort of superior sewerage system."

Mr. Leacock also expresses some quite sane sentiments upon "Literature and Education in America", and deplores the tendency to specialisation which is taking the place in America of the wide and humane culture of the intellect aimed at in the great Universities of England. He has something new to say on the unpromising subjects of "American Humour" and "The Woman Question". He writes, in terms of such extravagant eulogy that we at first suspected him of irony, about an American writer, "O. Henry". The work of this "great master of modern literature" is unknown to many English readers, for it teems with American locutions they can hardly be expected to understand. It is unfair, perhaps, to judge from stray extracts, but the quotations Professor Leacock gives from the novels of O. Henry do not seem to bear out the very great claims made for him. But this is only one of several instances that might be given where Professor Leacock's enthusiasm outruns his discretion. Nor will he brook difference of opinion. The reader must either proclaim O. Henry one of the greatest masters of modern fiction or else—"well, or else he is a jackass." We confess to a preference for the jackass. God made the jackass, and it has turned out a pretty useful beast; whereas we believe the successful novelist is commonly made by the arts of the advertiser.

From this "literary criticism" we turn with relief to a really trenchant and persuasive piece of writing, "A Rehabilitation of Charles II.", which is good sound stuff, and is only vitiated by a piece of unnecessary flippancy at the end.

Perhaps the most besetting sin of Professor Leacock is his love of epigram and paradox. It leads him to shallow summaries such as this: "Philosophy is the science which proves that we can know nothing of the soul. Medicine is the science which tells that we know nothing of the body. Political economy is that which teaches that we know nothing of the laws of wealth; and Theology the critical history of those errors from which we deduce our ignorance of God". What trumpery!

## THE RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.

**"Zionism: Problems and Views."** Edited by Paul Goodman and Arthur D. Lewis. Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.

THIS book consists of twenty-three papers by as many Anglo-Jewish contributors, with an introduction by Dr. Max Nordau, the present leader of the movement of Zionism. Whatever may be the hindrances to the achievement of the aspirations of Jewry, lack of brilliant talent in its intellectuals will not be amongst them, as the reader of this deeply interesting book will quickly recognise. It is evident, moreover, that, at least to these intellectuals, Zionism is a moral and religious inspiration. They have two objects, the preservation of a unique religion and its traditions, and the recovery of a land which was once their own and their seat as a nation. Both are combined in a way which suggests most nearly the Home Rule movement in Ireland. In a sense, the success of the political side implies the triumph of a religion. But Zionism is still something more. To these writers it would undoubtedly be a fulfilment of the prophecies if the Jews reoccupied Palestine. As to what this fulfilment would imply, there is a significant reticence on the part of the writers. Moreover, a number of other people, not Jews, but Christians, would also interpret the success of Zionism as a fulfilment of prophecy. The interpretations, however, would be very different, and probably completely inconsistent; but, at any rate, it is an interesting feature in Zionism. Protestant England has not allowed any difference of opinion on this point to stand in the way of Zionism. As one of the writers remarks, if England is not the birthplace of modern Zionism, it is the appropriate home of the movement, and the financial and other institutions of the movement are English institutions. What opposition is inherent in such national Churches as the Roman Catholic or the Greek Church these writers do not say. A popular impression is that they would be naturally inclined to see a movement successful which would remove an element so unsympathetic to their cults from their midst. Unfortunately, however, they might reflect that, after all, Zionism would not secure this, as it does not aim at removing the Jewries en masse to Palestine. Indeed, it would not be possible. There are about fourteen millions of Jews, and Palestine in its extremest development would not provide a home for more than, say, a half of this number. The attitude of the Turk towards Zionism is still more interesting, as he is not concerned with either the Jewish or the Christian religious views and the prophecies. We may consider him as freest from religious prejudices; but he is asked to give up more or less the government of his own land to make way for at least an autonomous community, more independent of his government than his other subjects would be. Again, there is an analogy to the case of England and the Irish Nationalists, which is the closer for the fact that the Zionists do not press the idea of a full nationality, either kingdom or republic, but disclaim the intention of founding either. One is inclined, however, to ask the question whether it is strictly compatible with a fulfilment of the prophecies in the Jewish sense that Zionism should only aim at



an incomplete form of nationhood. Considering all things, we are inclined to wonder that the Turk has shown himself so amenable to the approaches of Zionism. It appears that in consequence of the war the prosperous Jewish colonies already established in Palestine, through the efforts of Zionism, have been in some danger. But, apparently, until the war began it does not seem that the Turkish Government could be much reproached by Zionists; nor do these writers make any particular complaint.

Another aspect of the problem, also, which they do not touch, is the influence of Germany on the settlement of Jews in Palestine as an autonomous people. Has the exploitation of the Turkish Empire by Germany, and its intended future exploitation, come, or would it come, into opposition with the Zionist movement? It may be easily understood how the anxieties of Zionism have been increased by the war. The Germans stand for everything that is hostile to the development of the smaller nationalities. On the results of the war depend the fates of many small nationalities, and amongst them that of the Jews. The Jews in their several countries at present have acted, either compulsorily or voluntarily, much as the other citizens have acted; but these writers are, on the whole, on the side of the Entente Allies; though we have noticed expressions of several of them suggesting that they do not take the same view as the English of the undoubted righteousness of their cause.

The most formidable obstacle to the success of Zionism seems, after all, to be the attitude of the Jews themselves. The writers testify to a decline of Judaism in the religious sense. The position is described by one of them. Multitudes of Jews, belonging to the most vigorous elements of the people, have entirely abandoned their faith. Many more of the enlightened and prosperous classes, who have not formally severed their connection with Judaism, have yet become so indifferent to its teaching and practice as to allow their offspring to grow up estranged from their people and faith, and thereby facilitate their final absorption in their surroundings. And even among the broad masses of the people the attachment to the ancestral religion has become so weak that its vital injunctions are openly disregarded, its most characteristic observances neglected, and its language and literature cast into oblivion. We may lay it down as an indisputable law governing the history of Judaism during the last hundred years that the ratio of decline of Judaism has been proportionate to the ratio of the material and intellectual progress of the Jews.

This, it is true, is the language of a theologian; but the writers mostly take the same view, that the decline must be stopped in the interests of the welfare of the world. The Jews have a contribution to make to civilisation which is a mission for them, and which no other people can perform. It can only be performed through nationality, the national, free, untrammelled existence of the people in their own land, speaking Hebrew, following the religion of their fathers, developing their own life, and not living as parasites on the civilisation of other peoples. What the capacities of the Jews are for national life, what they have done in Palestine already, may be read in this book. It is a study of the Jews, full of information little known to the Gentile, which appeals at least to intellectual curiosity, and very considerably to the sympathies of all educated readers. The abiding question for the Christian reader, of course, must be: Is it the case that the world has more to gain from emphasising the distinction between Jew and Christian, or from the process of assimilation, against which Zionism is at once a protest and an active endeavour? Perhaps, in reason, an answer is not possible. We never understand prophecies until they are fulfilled.

#### FICTION OF TO-DAY.

"Forked Lightning (The Green Flag): A Comedy."

By Keble Howard. Lane. 6s.

"Backwater." By Dorothy Richardson. Duckworth. 6s.

"The Curved Blades." By Carolyn Wells. Lippincott. 6s.

A NOTE at the beginning of "Forked Lightning" explains that it is a "novelisation" of the author's successful comedy, "The Green Flag". It is a pleasant and easily told story too, not a piece of hack-work, as such things often are. It opens in a holiday mood, and should make agreeable reading for a holiday-maker. We only object to Keble Howard's rather silly remonstrance about the arrangements of doors in the chambers of a K.C. "Friend the reader" and "enemy the critic" are not such different persons, after all. If the story is good enough, we can pass over unlikely things, and when we read a book we do not care to see criticisms of it in another form answered. In any case, "Qui s'excuse s'accuse", as Keble Howard might have perceived, and criticisms by an author on his own performances which delay the narrative have, from Ben Jonson onwards, proved tedious.

The story is one of jealousy, the novelty being that Lady Milverdale, the horrid scandal-monger who pursues the heroine with relentless zeal and private detectives, is after a woman who really means to take her husband from her. This is prevented by the sort of wise man of the world whom Sir Charles Wyndham has presented to us on the stage with such success, and we leave Lady Milverdale utterly beaten and the heroine sleeping on a comfortable couch.

"Backwater" is a sequel to "Pointed Roofs", which left Miriam, the young heroine, returning home after a period as assistant teacher at a German school. This fact should have been explained clearly at the beginning of the book, which needs all the possible light that can be thrown on it. It appears that Miss Richardson is recognised as a writer whose method is original; but in so far as that method consists of writing telegraphese, and putting words by themselves with full-stops after them, it is not to be commended. Nothing is gained by it equal to the handicaps which it imposes on the reader. To be obscure is not to be great. Our interest in the book, which is considerable, would be increased if it were more coherent.

The author has a curious gift of vision, and it is this that makes her heroine real and attractive, in spite of whimsies. She is cleverly contrasted with her more normal sisters and the harsh-voiced, slangy Philistinism of the North London girl. "Wot's the bally shindy, beloved?" says one of these to another. Miriam loses a lover after treating him in an off-hand way, and teaches in a school of the old-fashioned sort run by some old maids, leaving it at the end. That is all that happens. Her emotions, her dissatisfaction with life and current religion, and her feeling of dark isolation fill up the book. We cannot really expect anyone, from her mother downwards, to understand her. She won, without seeking for it, the love of the schoolchildren. They clung round her, and she saw that she could dominate them, "adoring her—as a goddess—and hating her. Even as they fawned she knew they were fighting between their aching desire for a perfection of tenderness in her and their fear lest she should fulfil the desire". This passage is a fair instance of the author's subtlety. It is over-strained now and again, but it includes some acute criticism of life.

"The Curved Blades" is a detective story from the United States, and introduces once more, we gather, a famous practitioner in the discovery of crime. But there are so many of them nowadays that their fame does not move us much, and our own home-made detectives in fiction, though less fuss is made about them, are quite as good as the American sort, if not better. The story follows the usual modern lines in adding a love-interest to the mystery. Who murdered the spiteful, rich old lady in the night, and why, after she

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had been poisoned, was she also "black-jacked" on the cranium? These are the questions solved by Fleming Stone, and the expert reader should solve them long before his admiring assistant has any idea of the truth. In the details which lead to false clues the story seems to us rather unnatural, but it is brightly told, and occasionally vivid, or irritating, as the reader pleases, in its Americanisms.

## ITALY'S ORATORS.

"L'Italie et la Guerre d'après les témoignages de ses hommes d'État." Librairie Armand Colin, 103 Boulevard Saint-Michel, Paris.

SERIOUS attempts are being made by eminent French writers on foreign politics to make amends for the negligence with which they have treated all things concerning Modern Italy since Bismarck succeeded in setting the two nations at loggerheads by encouraging French and Italian statesmen impartially to proceed to the occupation of Tunis. It is therefore a happy idea to gather into one volume, for the special benefit of French readers, the speeches reflecting the opinions of contemporary Italian public men since the period of intervention. In an able preface to the volume M. Henri Hauviette, professor of Italian Literature in the University of Paris, strongly censures the policy of pin-pricks adopted by successive French Governments towards Italy, because, as he maintains, such a policy contributed to an extraordinary extent in the furthering of Germany's plans as revealed in August 1914. It is high time, he maintains, that these tactics were changed, whilst even now he asks whether the French appreciate all the difficulties with which Italian statesmen were confronted before they were able to intervene in favour of the Entente. He asks his countrymen to estimate Italy at her true value in order to avoid similar misunderstandings in the future.

The speech which Signor Salandra made from the heights of the Capitol soon after the declaration of war on Austria will always rank as one of the most enlightening pieces of oratory concerning the great conflict. The Italian Premier addressed himself to the civilised world and with dignified irony replied to the frenzied outburst of which the statesmen of the Central Empires had been guilty in their criticism of the Italian attitude. Not the least important feature is the evidence supplied of the continual underhand policy which statesmen of Austria had invariably adopted in all their dealings with Italy, and it is impossible not to agree with Signor Salandra that the cause for which the Italians are fighting is abundantly justified.

The address of Senatore Tittoni on the occasion of the anniversary of the battle of Solferino is of special interest, coming as it does from one who has filled the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs and Ambassador to various European capitals. Signor Tittoni is therefore well qualified to speak on events which have led up to the present crisis.

For the keen student of Italian politics, and for anyone wishing to grasp the relationship between Italian home affairs and foreign policy, it would be difficult to excel the lucid exposition of this theme which Signor Barzilai gave at Naples, though the value of the narrative is somewhat minimised by ranking distinctly mediocre people with men of world-wide reputation.

Of a much deeper nature is the thought of Signor Orlando, who seems to possess an invaluable insight

into the character of his countrymen, a gift often lacking amongst others who attain to the dignity of Cabinet Minister, and aspire to shaping the destinies of Italy. The remaining chapters are of minor importance, and consist of an outline of events traced by Baron Sonnino in the Chamber towards the end of last year, while Senatore Tittoni is seen at another of his efforts as Italian Ambassador in Paris, aiming at cementing the good relations now so happily existing between the two nations engaged in defending their common civilisation.

## NOVELS.

"Desmond's Daughter." By Maud Diver. Blackwood. 5s. net.

It is always a pleasure to read a story by Mrs. Diver, because she always has a story to tell. Her style and characterisation are firm and vigorous. She handles her material adroitly. There are no loose ends to distract and dismay. She gives to the reader that safe happy feeling of being in good hands. Mrs. Diver disproves the assertion that sequels are always disappointing. In "Desmond's Daughter" we meet again some of those pleasant, well-bred people whom we have come to know in her former books, and we renew the intimacy with equal pleasure. The novel deals with and gives the true story of the Tirah campaign, and Mrs. Diver explains that the book was written before there was any thought of the present war. But the underlying idea of her story is now being daily proven by the facts of life under new and stimulating conditions. In the crucible of war many young men must have developed on lines similar to that of her hero to their own self-surprise. And Mrs. Desmond fills us with the comfortable assurance that, let pessimists say what they will, all is yet well with a country that counts such amongst its soldier sons.

"The Shepherd of the North." By Richard Aumerle Maher. Macmillan. 6s. net.

This is a story of the inviolability of the seal of the confessional. "The Shepherd of the North", otherwise the Bishop of Alden—somewhere in North America—after having told the lie direct in a court of justice proves with easy sophistry to the man condemned for murder, whom he refuses to save by violation of his rule, that what he spoke was truth. Mr. Maher writes fluently, but his situations are rather too drawn out. A story of this nature demands a crisper style. But the book is quite readable.

## ONCE A MONTH.

A paper in the "Nineteenth Century and After" which will be widely read is Colonel Willoughby Verner's "With Kitchener in the Gordon Relief Expedition," though it is not certain that all the friends of Sir Redvers Buller would by any means accept it without reservations. It throw some singularly interesting sidelights on Lord Kitchener's character, and it is specially interesting because it deals with a period before he came into public fame or was known to statesmen. We believe Colonel Verner is quite right in saying that Lord Salisbury "discovered" Kitchener, though we should like to know exactly who the intermediary was. How curious it is to recall to-day that Colonel Kitchener was particularly acceptable to Lord Salisbury—and that, if we recall aright, Sir William Harcourt favoured him for the same reason—because he waged war so economically!

In "The Reckoning" Mr. Edgar Crammond calculates that by the end of next March this war will have cost the Allies some £9,000,000,000; and he engages in some speculations as to what we may get out of the Central Powers in the way of indemnity. We prefer ourselves to take a modest view of what we

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shall get: so that we shall not risk being disappointed by the result. Belgium will certainly have to be set up in business again after the war; and there are cynics or demagogues who say that Great Britain will have to do that, seeing that we invited Belgium to resist! The financial outlook after the war is really one we cannot persuade ourselves to be jolly about. Not long before his death we discussed this matter with Lord Welby—or rather he discussed it and we listened—and his conclusion was that it would take Great Britain much longer to get free of the debt of this war than it took her to free herself in large part of the debt of the Napoleonic Wars. He did not see, for one thing, how this country would be able to economise on social reform nowadays; and, indeed, it is not at all clear. The whole subject is very obscure, very interesting, and rather depressing.

There are other well-written papers in the "Nineteenth Century," including one by Mr. J. W. Headlam on "Prince Biliow on Peace," and "A New Clue to the Mystery of Tilsit," by Major Sir John Hall. All that relates to the Tilsit period is interesting now, and particularly the life and aims of Alexander I., an idealist with some noble ambitions.

The "Fortnightly Review" is loyal to its traditions of a profuse variety. "Politicon" writes on "The Hopelessness of Germany's Position," and we hope Germany will have the good sense to admit the truth of his arguments by retreating to her own territories. Sir Clement Kinloch-Cooke, in a paper on the reconstruction of the British Empire, adds a great deal of thought to a subject that occupies most minds; and "Auditor Tantom" is vivid and candid in his remarks on Ireland and the Ministerial changes. Mr. Archibald Hurd goes back to memories of 1870-71 and links them to the present blockade, its character, and its effects. There is a good paper on the Battle of Jutland, and the review of the war is excellent. Among the general articles we note "Hodge in Petticoats," by the Countess of Warwick; "The Music Hall, Past and Present," by Mr. William Archer; "Hazlitt's Second Marriage," by Mr. P. P. Howe; and a charming study of William Holman-Hunt, in which Mr. Edward Clodd makes known his friendship with the great pre-Raphaelite.

"Blackwood's Magazine" keeps closely in touch with the war, continuing the chatty, excellent paper on the "Fallen Angels" and publishing a review of the two years, written by Major-General C. E. Callwell. Mr. George Townsend Warner writes very well on the United States as a neutral, and the history that he relates, with touches of humour, ought to be read by those Englishmen who wish to live up the sleeve of President Wilson.

We welcome in the "Cornhill" a short play by Mr. Walter Frith, suggested by a Provençal *conte* of Alphonse Daudet's. There is also a good sketch of an Indian regiment, "The Call of the West," by Mr. John Travers. Mr. Boyd Cable has a capital military tale, and we enjoy a trip in the North Sea with a naval lieutenant. Lovers of Charlotte Brontë will find an unfinished poem: "Lament Befitting these 'Times of Night'".

In the "National Review" Mr. Ian D. Colvin writes another admirable paper on England's early attitude towards trade, choosing the story of our English woollen industry, and what Hakluyt described as the "noble and rich commodity" of English cloth. There are four articles by the editor, with a Maxseism in every line, and then Mr. J. Arthur Hill asks: "Is Survival Provable?" Among other papers we note a very touching one by a blinded officer, and a clever one, "The Sermon in the Eighteenth Century".

#### THE QUARTERLIES.

In the "Quarterly Review" Professor Bury writes on the Trojan War, and arrives at the conclusion that Mr. Walter Leaf has definitely restored the Trojan War to history, so we can now ask questions which some years ago most critics would have dismissed as unpardonably naïve. Another excellent paper—it is written by Professor Postgate—has for its subject the last days of Pompeii, which Mr. John Masefield has treated very choppy in a drama of truncated sentences. Lord Cromer says good things about the "East and West", their temperamental rivalries and gulfs. After an experience of thirty-five years in Eastern affairs, Lord Cromer is not at all despondent because Easterns and Westerns understand each other so little; his feeling is rather one of surprise, mingled with congratulation, that the misunderstandings are not deeper than is actually the case. He is not much attracted by the Occidentalised Easterns, but prefers the East to be genuinely true to itself. Mr. Percy Lubbock has a good paper on Henry James, and Mr. John Bailey reviews Professor Harper's *Life of Wordsworth*. The most striking novelty in Prof. Harper's book is the fact that Wordsworth had a natural daughter by a French woman whom he knew in his revolutionary days, and that he and his wife kept up communication with both mother and daughter. "A Voyage of

Discovery in Northern Germany" is a fascinating article by J. M. de Beaufort, with plans. It is certain to excite great interest—particularly in the "Marineam" (Admiralty) at Berlin. Colonel Blood is as excellent as ever in his account of the war on land, and Commander Bellairs writes of the Battle of Jutland, adding a page postscript after the publication of Admiral Jellicoe's despatch. Other papers treat of the Irish Rebellion, the Organisation of the Empire, India under Lord Hardinge, Soldiers and Sailors on the Land, and the Political Philosophy of Treitschke.

Lord Cromer appears again in the "Edinburgh Review", where he draws a narrow portrait of Disraeli's statesmanship, because he dwells too long on the political stagecraft that helped a man of genius in an age of humbug to climb to the top of the greasy pole. Disraeli had passed his prime, was sixty-four years old, when he freed himself at last from half-stifling jealousies and enmities and became Prime Minister. Like a big fish in a shallow river with many locks, he was always in danger because always out of scale with the fretfulness of little surroundings. Lord Cromer believes that Disraeli placed advancement to power in the first rank and attachment to principle very decidedly in the second rank. But opinions do not alter facts, and it is evident that Disraeli is a living influence to-day, while his Victorian rivals are all dead names. After the article on Disraeli comes a thoughtful study of the political writings of Rousseau, in which Mr. H. A. L. Fisher shows penetration and breadth of vision. "Land Problems in Ancient Rome", by Mr. H. Stuart Jones, sets thought in movement over many important questions; and we are grateful to Professor Boyd Dawkins for his revisionary criticisms on the antiquity of man and the dawn of Art in Europe. Some of his conclusions will be hotly contested, but they are stated with admirable brevity, if with little imagination. Professor Keith has imagination, and his efforts to construct a tentative chronology of the prehistoric periods will be accepted tentatively by artists and by men of letters, because the human mind cannot think in vast Saharas of undated time. Every date, however tentative it may be, is an oasis for the mind to rest upon. Professor Bernard Pares writes well on Russian hopes and aims, and Mr. J. A. R. Marriott on "The Roumanian Factor". Mr. Harold Cox, in some rather wayward pages on "A Commercial League of Defence", summons to a point many controversial matters; and there are excellent papers on "The Price of Admiralty", by Mr. David Hannay, and on "Aviation", by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu.

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**RAPHAEL TUCK.**

THE annual general meeting of Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd., was held on Thursday, Sir Adolph Tuck, Bart., the Chairman of the company, presiding.

The Chairman said: "It is in this year that the house of 'Tuck,' whose business you control, completes the first fifty years of its history, thus starting upon the second half-century of its peaceful mission amidst the clash of arms resounding throughout Europe, Asia and Africa. It is not my intention to enlarge upon the difficulties of steering a business such as this in the hazardous times through which we are passing. I will but touch upon three weighty factors, the natural outcome of this devastating war with which your directors have to contend:—Firstly, a contracted market; secondly, scarcity of labour and material, hampering and limiting output; and thirdly, increased cost of practically every commodity, including such labour as is still available. As an example of the first, let me point to the prohibitions and restrictions imposed, with good cause no doubt, by both the Admiralty and the War Office upon pictorial publications dealing with naval, military, aerial and other subjects, these prohibitions affecting more particularly our postcard and greeting card departments, and, to a lesser extent, our book and picture departments. Then there is the prohibition of the Government to the transmission by post of any and every kind of picture postcard to either allied or neutral countries, and the wider prohibition by our staunch Allies, France and Italy, of the import into these countries of all articles of luxury in which many of our own productions are included. Add to this the great difficulties connected with the transport of goods to our other brave Ally and good customer, Russia, these necessitating the employment of the almost prohibitive, because costly and lengthy, route *via* America, Japan and Siberia, and you will readily understand how seriously the turnover of this company is curtailed even in the case of the most friendly countries. Coming to the overseas demand, more particularly from our colonies and India, where our publications have always been held in high esteem, this has naturally suffered, though not, I am glad to say, to the extent we at one time feared, while our trade in the home markets—and this is, perhaps, the most reassuring sign of all—has been well held, the decrease here—there is, of course, a decrease—amounting to only a relatively small percentage. I will not attempt to review at any length the work and results of each individual department. Suffice it to say that the volume of trade in our Christmas and New Year cards, with the subsidiary birthday, Easter and general greeting cards, still dominates the business of the company as of yore. To sum up, the natural reduction in general turnover and the enhanced cost of production throughout, taken in conjunction with the carefully considered policy of your directors to interfere as little as possible with our regular prices to the trade and public, has raised the overhead expenses on turnover to a figure dangerously near the total of the still fairly large gross profit earned during the year, and reduces the actual net profit on our year's trading to the modest figure of £3,072 17s. Yet I venture to think that I have said enough to convince the most exacting shareholder that if, under the conditions here outlined, and affected as is our world trading company in its dealings with every quarter of the globe, we have succeeded in holding our own to the extent of making both ends meet with even a small margin of profit to the good, your directors, who have put in more than the usual hard work to attain this result, have no reason to be ashamed of their stewardship.

"Gratified surprise has been expressed on all sides that in this, the most stressful period the world has ever seen, we should have been able to continue to make so bold a bid for the custom of the world with the splendid collection of goods in every department of our business, and this not only during the past year, but for the third year of the world war, for the new season, which you know always opens with us on May 1st, again sees us fully equipped in every department of our business, and this with a line of novelties which will bear more than favourable comparison with anything that has gone before from Raphael House. In this impressing the trade throughout the world with the remarkable resources of your business in times such as these, when other concerns in our branch of trade have either ceased to exist or have drawn in their horns to a very considerable extent, we are continuing to further build up the goodwill of the company for the peaceful years ahead, which we trust will gradually make good the deficiencies of these war years. I am already able to say, with regard to our new financial year as from May 1st, that the outlook is clearly responding to the progress which our Forces and those of our Allies are happily making. Thus the first three months of the new financial year as from May 1st shows nearly a 20 per cent. advance in actual orders taken for the coming season, compared with the same period last year, and it is not too much to hope that this advance will be maintained by us step by step with the continued progress of our Forces, and that the opening year of our second half-century will see the company revert to its former happy self-supporting position."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle said: "I beg to second the adoption of the report and accounts. No director, and I imagine no shareholder, can ever feel fully satisfied with the workings of a year which does not show enough profit to allow of the distribution of a dividend, but at the same time our natural grief at that circumstance is not embittered by any feeling on our part that anything we have done or left undone has contributed to that fact. We feel, looking back, that we have treated a difficult situation as well as we could treat it, and that if the thing had to be done again there is nothing more which we could do. This balance-sheet really is a very much more comforting document than it might at first sight appear, because we have written down our holdings in a very drastic manner. There is no doubt that when twelve months after the war broke out we had to present our accounts the situation was dangerous, because it had been a very great shock to us, not only in our immediate English business, which for some months was paralysed by the general uncertainty which was felt by everybody as to whether they could indulge in such luxuries as cards and the other things which we sell, but also on account of the greatness of our operations. For a time it was very difficult to see exactly how we stood. That time of danger we had to face last year, and that we faced it successfully is shown by the balance-sheet, from which you will see that, although last year we had a considerable balance against us, this year we have actually turned it into our favour. This war has been a great tester of everything—it has been a tester of nations; it has been a tester of individuals, and it has been a tester of business, and everything rotten seems to have been shown up and to have been swept away. The good old honest business of Tuck has stood the strain well, and I think it will come out of the war better than it went into it, and with an enhanced reputation for a conservative solidity which will be a great asset to us in the future."

**FURNESS, WITHEY.**

THE Annual Meeting of Furness, Withy and Co., Ltd., was held on the 29th ult., the Right Hon. Lord Furness presiding.

The Chairman said: The result of the year's working as shown in the accounts has, from the shareholder's point of view, been very satisfactory. In view of the competition that may be expected after the war, your directors have deemed it prudent to increase the trades contingencies fund by the transfer of £300,000, bringing it up to half a million sterling. Such a substantial reserve places the company in a position to cope with whatever competition and adverse circumstances may arise, whether at home or abroad, and I am sure that the shareholders will cordially support this decision of the directors. The goodwill of this business, in the large number of trades owned and controlled by us, has been built up by a great expenditure of money, and by the unceasing personal endeavours of those who have been entrusted with the direction of the organisation, and it would be folly now to neglect to take the obvious precaution of placing the business on the soundest possible footing. The usual amount of £350,000 has been written off for depreciation, and a sum of £20,000 has been added to the fund inaugurated last year for division amongst the masters, officers, and engineers of our fleet on the termination of the war. The half-yearly preference dividends have, of course, already been paid, together with quarterly dividends on the ordinary share capital at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, free of income tax, and in regard to a further distribution, you will notice from the report that the directors recommend, and you will to-day be asked to sanction, the payment of a bonus of 10 per cent., free of income tax, on the ordinary share capital of the company, which will represent a total distribution for the year ended 30 April 1916 of 20 per cent., free of income tax. Out of the balance of £395,281 1s. 4d., which it is proposed to carry forward, provision is made for excess profits duty. Turning to the balance-sheet, our creditors on bills payable and open accounts amount to £1,470,513 11s. 9d., and our liquid assets represented by our bank balances, cash, Treasury bills, bills of exchange and debtors, amount to £2,468,645 2s., so it will be observed that our liquid assets are nearly double the liabilities. A large proportion of our fleet is still requisitioned by His Majesty's Government. In addition to the requisitioning of specific vessels, a considerable proportion of the space in the regular liners is set aside for the conveyance of stores for the different Government Departments at rates of freight fixed by them. A certain proportion of the space of each steamer from America is also set aside for the conveyance of wheat, under the direction of the Foodstuffs Requisition Committee. A great deal has been written about Government control of shipping, but in my opinion it would be impossible to have a more effective system of control than that which at present exists.

Mr. F. W. Lewis, in seconding the motion, said:—I should like to emphasise what, in my opinion, is the wisdom of strengthening our trades contingencies fund in the manner proposed. Whilst I am not by any means of a pessimistic turn of mind, I think it is essential that shipowners should keep before them the fact that they are passing through a period of prosperity which is unhealthy, inasmuch as it is due to unnatural and abnormal causes. Sooner or later the high rates of freight which are now prevailing may be expected to abate very rapidly, and we must be prepared to meet adversity and competition which will inevitably arise. When that time comes, it will be found that a reserve fund is better than a bank overdraft. The necessities of two years of war have clearly demonstrated that we should be wanting in our national duty if we neglected to make proper provision for the future, and your directors are therefore of the opinion that whilst the shareholders should receive the proportion of the increased profits that is represented by the enhancement of the dividend now proposed, a considerable sum should be set aside for future contingencies. We must not overlook the fact that neutral countries are, by reason of an accumulation of vast and, comparatively speaking, untaxed profits, getting into a very strong position to challenge, after the war is over, our existing maritime supremacy.

**THRELFALL'S BREWERY.**

THE Annual General Meeting of Threlfall's Brewery Co., Ltd., was held on Thursday, Mr. Charles Threlfall, the chairman of the company presiding.

The Chairman said: I presume I may consider that you have all received a copy of the report and balance-sheet for the past year, and that I may take the same as read. I have now the pleasure of asking you to adopt the directors' report and statement of accounts for the year ended 30 June 1916, which I am sure you will consider highly satisfactory. The gross trading profit for the year amounts to £218,896 17s. 7d. We have written off for depreciation the sum of £59,118 9s. 7d. We are placing £10,000 to reserve and a further sum of £5,000 to reserve for contingencies, and have added £1,000 to employees' insurance under the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1906, and carried forward the sum of £51,253 16s. 9d. The Output of Beer (Restriction) Bill has now become law, which places temporary restrictions on the output of beer, and it will require great care and watchfulness to carry out these new regulations. An amount of £4,955 11s. 5d. has been paid from the commencement of the war to 30 June last to dependents of the 217 men who are serving their country. Out of this number I much regret to say that four have been killed and 16 wounded; four of the latter have been incapacitated from following their military career and have

been discharged from the Army. Three of these men have been taken back into the company's service and given light work, and the remaining one will be treated in like manner when his health enables him again to take up work. I am sure the shareholders will quite approve of what we have done. I now beg to move the adoption of the report and accounts, and that dividends be paid at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the preference shares, and at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum on the ordinary shares for the half-year ended 30 June, which, with the interim dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, makes 9 per cent. for the year.

Mr. P. J. Feeny: I have very much pleasure in proposing "That Mr. Charles Threlfall and Captain C. M. Threlfall, the retiring directors, be and they are hereby re-elected." I think it is hardly necessary for me to go into the details of our esteemed Chairman's services to this company as a director and chairman since the commencement of the concern. His services have been very much appreciated not only by the Board, but also by the shareholders of this company. I will merely state that I am quite certain I am voicing the feelings of my co-directors and of the shareholders in wishing that we may have for many years to come the services of our Chairman, and that those years may be full of happiness and good health.

Mr. M. C. Buszard, K.C., in proposing a hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman, directors and employees of the company, said that looking at the terrible condition in which the country had been placed during the last 12 months, and looking at the legislation considered necessary to restrict the output of the commodity which they made and sold, he thought they must be all perfectly satisfied that their directors and employees deserved a vote of thanks. The results which they had achieved were perfectly marvellous considering the difficulties with which they had had to contend. If the legislation that had been felt necessary in respect to the breweries had been well contemplated, then, however inconvenient to themselves, he was quite sure that all who belonged to the company would not hesitate, if it were for the good of the country, at even greater sacrifices than they had yet been called upon to make. It so happened, however, that through the skill of the directors the company had been conducted throughout the terrible year of war in a manner which had enabled them to announce a result equal to that of last year. He considered that a most wonderful achievement.

### FARROW'S BANK.

THE annual meeting of the shareholders of Farrow's Bank, Limited, was held on Wednesday, Mr. Thomas Farrow presiding.

The Chairman said that the net profit, including the balance of £10,312 1s. 7d. from last account, was £43,926 19s. 1d. The directors had added £10,000 to the reserve fund, paid an interim dividend for the half year ended December 31, 1915, amounting to £10,774 3s. 2d., and recommended the payment of a dividend for the year at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, less income tax, which would absorb the sum of £10,780 16s. 10d. The sum of £12,161 19s. 1d., being undivided profit, had been carried forward to the next financial year.

The growth of current account and deposit business alone since the date of the bank's incorporation under the Joint Stock Companies Act was shown by the following table:

	Current Accounts.			Deposit Accounts.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1908	87,625	13	2	78,679	4	5
1909	114,393	7	10	170,008	3	7
1910	203,973	16	9	350,465	15	6
1911	262,356	13	0	438,940	14	6
1912	293,181	4	1	494,081	8	8
1913	336,875	0	3	643,075	17	10
1914	397,940	13	0	838,804	17	6
1915	433,052	9	11	1,016,220	12	1
1916	559,393	3	3	1,108,922	14	2

The bank's commercial stocks and shares, investment and foreign departments had largely contributed to the profits earned during the year. The women's department of the bank at 143 Knightsbridge, S.W., managed by women for women, had made great headway, and was held in high esteem by all classes of society. The recently published official return of the Metropolitan and Provincial Joint Stock Banks having a capital of £1,000,000 and upwards, giving the proportion of capital and reserve to liabilities, showed that Farrow's Bank, Limited, again occupied the first place. The progress made in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales had been most gratifying, and was largely due to the co-operation of the able and distinguished members of the local advisory boards, and to the fact that the bank was the only institution which was represented by its branches throughout the United Kingdom. The increase in deposits (the whole of which were subject to agreed terms of notice) was very gratifying, particularly so far as the last two war years were concerned. Customers had subscribed most liberally to Government Loans and Exchequer Bonds. In this connection Mr. Farrow stated that the bank's branch managers had been invited to join the various committees of the National War Savings Association, and were in that and other directions giving valuable support to schemes for the encouragement of thrift.

The bank's staff had been severely depleted by the war, and such financial arrangements had been made regarding them and their dependents as had won the warm approval of the War Office. Some of these officials had laid down their lives in the service of their country, while others, whether of commissioned or private rank, had achieved military recognition and distinction. This depletion of the staff had entailed heavy additional work upon those who had continued in office, and to them the best thanks of the shareholders were due. Many women clerks had been engaged, and it was due to them to say that they had discharged their duties in a most exemplary manner.

Mr. Farrow made brief reference to the publication during the year of two books written by himself and his colleague, Mr. W. Walter Crotch, "How to Win the War" and "The Coming Trade War." The former advocated the National Thrift Campaign now in operation

throughout the country, while the latter showed the necessity for a National Trade Programme which would enable Britain to hold her own in the world's markets.

Referring to the Bank's monthly official "Gazette," which was sent to every shareholder and customer of the Bank, Mr. Farrow expressed his satisfaction that regular contributors were members of both Houses of Parliament and leading financial and commercial experts. That particular journal (which was in its 12th year of publication) had proved of immense value to the institution itself, had brought about a spirit of camaraderie among shareholders and customers alike, and had indeed welded into one common fellowship a vast body of men and women known as "Farrowians."

Reference was also made by Mr. Farrow to the Farrow's Bank Cot, which had for many years past been maintained by the Bank's Customers at Sir William Treloar's Home for Crippled Children at Alton, Hants, and to the Belgian Refugees' Cot, which was maintained by the Customers of the Women's Branch at the Great Ormond Street Hospital.

Finally, Mr. Farrow expressed his appreciation of the loyal and sustained support given to him and his colleagues by the 4,000 shareholders of the Bank, who would undoubtedly receive their due financial reward at the termination of the war, which, he predicted, would come about at an early date.

Mr. W. Walter Crotch seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously, and the payment of a dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum was then approved on the motion of the Chairman, seconded by Mr. Edward Symons.

The retiring Directors and Auditors were re-elected, and the meeting terminated with the customary votes of thanks.

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